

AMERICAN

# Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

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AUGUST, 1843.

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**Embellishment:**

PORTRAIT OF ARGYLE:

Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE, from a Painting by TROYE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.  
VOL. XIV. 55

### THE PUBLISHER TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS who have not paid in advance for the present volume of the "Register," will find their bills enclosed in this number. Some of the amounts are considerable, and should be at once paid. But large or small, the Publisher must impress on all alike, the necessity of a prompt remittance. He feels that he is entitled to do so, by the heavy expense he has incurred in furnishing the numerous highly finished Engravings on Steel, and other costly embellishments that have appeared in this Periodical since it came into his possession, as also to enable him to continue its publication in the splendid style that has made it, confessedly, the most elegant and useful, as it is the oldest, Magazine in the United States.

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### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A List of the Blood Stock of F. G. BRENGMAN, Esq., was received too late for the present number.

A report of the Epsom Races will be given in our next, accompanied by an Outline Portrait of Cotherstone—the half brother to Imp. Trustee—with his pedigree and performances.

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### RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Sept.  
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.  
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.  
MONTREAL, L. C. - - St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Meeting, 15th, 16th, and 18th Aug.  
NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.  
" " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.  
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - The Races will commence on the 5th Sept.  
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.

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## MEMOIR OF ARGYLE,

WITH A PORTRAIT ON STEEL, BY GIMBREDE AFTER TROYE.

THE subject of this memoir was no less distinguished for his extraordinary turn of speed than for training on until after his get had become winners. He has now been withdrawn from the Turf for three years, since which he has been placed in the Stud in South Carolina; last season he stood at the stable of Dr. James B. Davis, near Monticello, Fairfield District, at \$30 and \$50. His limbs, we hear, are now quite sound, and but for the fact that he was complaining of tender feet for several seasons, it is thought he might have won as many races as almost any horse of his day.

Argyle is a rich nut brown, with no other white than a slight star. He rises so high over the withers as to measure nearly fifteen hands three inches, under the standard, but to the eye seems hardly fifteen and a half hands high. His head and neck are very pretty, and his limbs are remarkably clean and bloodlike. Few horses can compare with him in depth of girth; indeed, he cannot, fore-handed, be readily matched. His barrel is comparatively light, but well ribbed home, and we have never seen him more cut up in the flank than he is represented to be in his portrait. His loins are arched and well braced, and his thigh falls down into the flank so as to combine beauty with power in an eminent degree. His feet are well shaped, and when we last saw him (in November, 1840,) were perfectly recovered. For a year or two, during his racing career, they were so tender, from local causes, as to prevent his extending himself. "Nothing but his bad feet," remarked Col. Johnson to us at that period, "prevented his being one of the most distinguished racers of his day."

Argyle was bred by the late lamented Col. Edmund B. Duvall, of Marietta, near Goodluck, Prince George's County, Md., upon a portion of the estate at present occupied by his father, the Hon. Judge Duvall. Argyle and his dam, Thistle, and two other colts from her (Tecumseh and Napoleon), were bred on the same estate. Argyle was foaled on the 11th of April, 1830. As administrator on his son's estate, Judge Duvall sold Argyle to Maj. Pierce M. Butler, of Columbia, S. C. (subsequently the Governor of that State), in the autumn of 1831, for \$500, the price asked for him, and he was immediately taken to Carolina by Maj. B.'s servant. Application was made on behalf of Maj. B. to purchase his dam, but she was already disposed of to George W. Duvall, Esq. For the above facts we are indebted to the characteristic kindness and courtesy of Judge Duvall, who has also furnished us with the following interesting particulars relative to the family of the subject of this memoir.

"Tecumseh was foaled in 1826, and was got by Mr. Lufborough's Rob Roy. He was purchased by Mr. Dixon, of Washington. He was small; with light

weights, few horses were superior to him; he ran well at all distances, and was frequently a winner.

"Napoleon was got by Dr. Thornton's Marylander, and was foaled in 1838. He was in training at 3 yrs. old, and promised well, but fell lame. Although the lameness was afterwards cured, his leg was so much injured that it was thought best to take him from the course. Dr. Charles Duvall, brother of George, owned one half of him by contract with his breeder.

"Prince George (foaled in 1832) was got by Industry, whose character as a racer and a stallion is well known. He was out of Thistle, and bred by George Duvall. He won several purses, and among other good races, he beat Atalanta without difficulty at Upper Marlborough.

"The last of Thistle's progeny is a filly, in her third year, got by the imported horse Apparition. She is large, handsome, and promising. [Thistle was also the dam of Childe Harold, a b. c. foaled 10th April, 1834, by Johnson's Medley.—*Editor.*]

"Thistle's dam was got by Dr. Thornton's imported horse Clifden. She was bred by Mr. Thomas Duckett. All the information which I possessed of the pedigree of Thistle's dam was communicated to Gen. Callender Irvine, who purchased her of James Wilson, to whom she was sold by my son. I kept no copy of the information which I obtained for Gen. Irvine, and at this time cannot trust my recollection to say more. Without doubt he would furnish it if it should be thought necessary to be more particular. Thistle's dam, it is believed, was grandam to his famous horse Mingo."

The information alluded to as having been furnished to Gen. Irvine, was published at length in the "Spirit of the Times" of Feb. 18th, 1837. We therefore merely give the following extract from the record of Argyle's pedigree:—

"Argyle, a brown colt, foaled 11th April, 1830, was got by the celebrated Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, her dam the Clifden mare bred by Mr. Thomas Duckett, of Md., in 1809, and got by Thornton's Imp. Clifden—g. g. dam by Hall's Spot (a son of Imp. Eclipse, who was got by the famous English Eclipse), out of Hall's thorough-bred imported mare—g. g. g. dam by Hyder Ali, and he by Lyndsay's Arabian, etc. etc."

Owing to the remissness which then existed relative to reporting races, it is possible that some of Argyle's earliest performances are not on record. We hear of him first at Orangeburgh, S. C., on the 3d of January, 1834. As horses in that State date their ages from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of January, he is of course set down as a three-year-old. Record:—

1831. *Orangeburg, S. C.*, Friday, Jan. 3—Purse \$150. free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. P. M. Butler's br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. Augustus Flud's ch. m. <i>Funny</i> , by Reliance, dam not given, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:12—4:16.		

Won cleverly, and in the best time made during the meeting.

We next hear of him in Georgia, where he was started by our friend JOHN McLEAN, Esq., of Columbia, for the Club Purse. Record:—

— *Augusta, Ga.*, Lafayette Course, Thursday, March 19—Jockey Club Purse \$600, free for all ages. Four mile heats.

John McLean's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Jam s Lyndsay's b f. <i>Rattlesnake</i> , by Bertrand, dam by West's Paragon, 4 yrs.....	4	2
J. J. Harrison's b. m. <i>Jane Bertrand</i> by Bertrand, out of Arrakrookress, 5 yrs.....	2	3
Col. P. Fitzsimon's ch. m. <i>Betsy Hare</i> , by Comention, dam by Merryfield, 5 yrs.....	3	dr
Time, 8:10—8:11. Course 114 feet over a mile.		

We are not aware of the scale of weights adopted by the Augusta Club at this time, but presume it was that of Virginia; within a few years the Carolina scale has been adopted, and the course has been shortened eighty-one feet, leaving it still thirty-three feet over a mile.

1835. *Columbia, S. C.*, Tuesday, Jan. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$800, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Geo. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. J. R. Spann's ch. h. <i>Bertrand Junior</i> , by Bertrand, out of Transport, 7 yrs.	3	2
Col. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Lucy Ashton</i> , by Gohanna, dam unknown, 4 yrs.	2	3
John Singleton's b. g. <i>Conrad</i> , by Kosciusko, out of "the Duck filly," 7 yrs.	4	dr

Time, 8:04—8:16. Track heavy.

George Walden was Argyle's trainer at this time, and entered him for most of his races. It is our impression that Gov. Butler did not dispose of any portion of his interest in him, until after this campaign.

— *Charleston, S. C.*, Monday, Feb. 9—Citizen's Purse \$1000, conditions as at Columbia. Three mile heats.

Mr. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Haun's b. m. <i>Rattlesnake</i> , by Bertrand, dam by West's Paragon, 5 yrs.	2	2
Mr. Montmollin's br. m. <i>Alborak</i> , by Sumter, dam by Imp. Bedford, 5 yrs.	3	3
Col. Fitzsimon's ch. f. <i>Rushlight</i> , by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	4	dr

Time, 5:46—5:51.

If we are not greatly mistaken this is the best time ever made over the Washington Course, at that period.

— *Same Course*, Wednesday, Feb. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Mr. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. Spann's ch. h. <i>Bertrand Jr.</i> , by Bertrand, out of Transport, 7 yrs.	2	2

Time, 8:05—8:08.

In the autumn of 1834, the late John C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, purchased Shark for \$17,500, of Capt. Stockton, U. S. N., and soon after offered a challenge to the following effect:—

"I will run my horse Shark next Spring over the Union Course, Long Island, or the Central Course, at Baltimore, Four mile heats, for \$10,000, against any horse on the continent. If not accepted by the 1st of Jan. next, Shark will cover at Bristol, Pa., limited to twenty mares at one hundred dollars each."

To this high-spirited challenge no response was received until after Shark had commenced his season. The following proposition, however, was soon after made by the owner of Argyle:—

"COLUMBIA, S. C., March 19, 1835.

"The friends of Argyle having seen the late challenge of Shark, which expired on the 1st of January last, "if it will not be out of order," now offer to accept it with a slight variation of the terms. The Northern laurels of this distinguished racer cannot be much endangered by the genial climate of the South, especially when they will be plentifully watered by the warm streams of Carolina hospitality. Bating any fears of frosts beyond the Potomac, it will be extremely inconvenient for the friends of Argyle, (mere amateurs on the turf,) to run him beyond the limits of this State, but having beaten off the land snakes, they feel willing, and desirous, if practicable, to test their Highlander with this celebrated water "varment." They, therefore, propose to run at Columbia or Charleston, on the day before the next annual races, Four mile heats, for \$5,000 or \$10,000, half forfeit, at the rate of ten to nine upon Argyle; to be governed by the rules of the Course on which the race may be run. This odds is by no means offered to disparage Shark, or to vaunt the prowess of Argyle; but to cover the expenses of a Southern trip, and in some sort make a guest of our noble antagonist, whom we will treat with marked deference on every day save one, and then with the utmost fairness and civility.

"An answer will be expected from Shark by the 10th of May next.

"Argyle will be five years old next June, and covers by subscription twenty-five mares this season, which has already commenced. "P. M. BUTLER."

It was a matter of great regret at the time that the match fell through. However, the get of Argyle which came upon the Turf in 1839, won enough to satisfy his friends that he was quite as well employed in the Stud in 1835, as if he had accepted Shark's challenge and beaten him. About this time, it was said that an offer of \$15,000 was made for Argyle by two persons, and refused; we must premise that previous to this offer Major Butler had disposed of a portion of his interest in him to Col. James H. Hammond, of Columbia.

— *Columbia, S. C.*, Tuesday, Dec. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Jas. H. Hammond's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 5 yrs.	1	1
Capt. D. Rowe's b. c. <i>Vertumnus</i> , by Eclipse, out of Princess, 4 yrs.	2	dr

Time, 8:18. No contest.

Soon after this race Messrs. Butler and Hammond disposed of an interest of two-thirds in Argyle to Col. W. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, for \$10,000. In the month of Jan. following a very heavy match was made on Argyle vs. the choice of four horses in Col. John Crowell's stable, to be named at the post, comprising *Bill Austin*, and *John Bascombe* by Bertrand, both 4 yrs., *Lady Nashville* by Stockholder, 5 yrs., and *Bolivia* by Bo-

livar, 4 yrs. The match, Four mile heats, was made to come off over the Lafayette Course at Augusta, Geo., on the ensuing 12th of April. the friends of Argyle laying \$17,000 on him vs. \$15,000 on Col. Crowell's choice. When Col. C. made the match Bill Austin was his main reliance, but in a trial with Bascombe he gave way, previous to which Bolivia also broke down; Lady Nashville was not able to stride with Bascombe, and on him, at length, Col. C. was obliged to fix his choice. Accident certainly gave him the best selection, as was the case with the friends of Henry in the match against Eclipse, when that nonpareil was selected from a stable containing John and Betsey Richards, Flying Childers, and Washington. Two days before the match came off, an accident occurred to Argyle which placed him *hors de combat*. He ran an end of the cheek of his bit into the roof of his mouth and bled from a quart to half a gallon—as if he had been struck by a phleme. Of course, scouring ensued, and the horse lost his strength and foot as well as his spirit. Notwithstanding all this, and the fact of Argyle's complaining in his feet, his friends backed him at 7 to 5; up to this time he had never lost a heat, while Bascombe was comparatively unknown.—The result may be anticipated:—

1836. Augusta, Ga, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, April 12—Match for \$17,000 on Argyle vs. \$15,000 on the nomination of Col. Crowell. Club weights. Four mile heats.  
Col. John Crowell's ch. c. *John Bascombe*, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 102lbs. 1  
Col. W. Hampton's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs. 112lbs. dist. 744.

Time of 1st mile, 1:57—2d mile, 1:53—3d mile, 1:56—4th mile, 1:58. Time of the heat, 7:44.  
Argyle did not perfectly recover from the effects of this race for many months. This circumstance, as well as his performances before and since, prove conclusively that he was in no sort of condition. If we recollect aright, he was immediately sent to Virginia, where he went into the stable of Col. Johnson, who could not bring him quite round until the following Spring. He was started but once more only during the year 1836. Record:—

— *Broad Rock, Va.*, Thursday, Sept. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.  
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. f. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson d. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.. 1 1  
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 6 yrs..... 2 2  
J. P. Corbin's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam not given, 5 yrs..... 3 3  
Time, 5:55—6:10½.

In his *seventh year* Argyle seemed to have come into the possession of a new lease of life, and from that time forth, notwithstanding his "aged" weight, he appeared to improve up to the time of his splendid race, in 1839, over the Kendall Course, where he won a second heat of three miles in 5:40!

1837. *Broad Rock, Va.*, Thursday, April 20—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.  
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs..... 1 1  
Col. John Heth's b. m. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.. 2 2  
Time, 5:58—6:03½.

E. B. Settle's Nickohock, by Marion, bolted in the first heat of this race, and threw his rider. Argyle won cleverly, and in better time than Catherine Davis made when she beat him over the same course the Sept. previous.

— *Petersburg, Va.*, Newmarket Course, Thursday, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.  
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs..... 1 1  
Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, 5 yrs..... 3 2  
Col. J. Heth's ch. h. *Marshall*, by Timoleon, dam by Thunderclap, 5 yrs..... 4 3  
W. H. E. Merritt's ch. f. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, out of Clara Fisher, 4 yrs..... 5 4  
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Spartacus*, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 5 yrs..... 2 dr  
Time, 8:05—8:09.

Spartacus was the favorite vs. the field; in running the last mile of the first heat, he failed slightly in the right fore leg. Argyle won the first heat by half a length, and the second by six inches, after a desperately contested race.

— *Baltimore, Md.*, Central Course, Thursday, May 18—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.  
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Cansidell*, by Industry, out of Arethusa, 6 yrs..... 2 3 1 1  
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs... 4 1 2 2  
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, d. by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs. 1 4 4 3  
Maj. Jas. M. Selden's b. f. *Miss Phillips*, by Sussex, out of Brunette, 4 yrs... 5 2 3 r.o.  
A. L. Botts' ch. h. *Veto*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs..... 3 dr.  
Time, 5:56—5:55—6:01—6:25.

Argyle threw away the 1st heat so plainly that he was backed against the field.



He won the 2d from Miss Phillips by a length after a very spirited brush. In the 3d heat Argyle led for two miles and a half when Camsidell "stole a march" on him and after a desperate contest won the heat. The mare won the 4th heat by a few feet only. The Baltimore editors declared this the best contested race which ever took place over the Central Course, which was never a fast one by any means, and the time made on this occasion was considered remarkably good.

— *Broad Rock, Va.*, Tree Hill Course, Thursday, Sept. 28—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs.	7	2	1	1
Col. Edmund Townes' bl. m. <i>Black Bird</i> , by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	6	1	4	2
Col. John Heth's ch. h. <i>Ormond</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs.	1	4	5	3
Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>Charles Carter</i> , by Lance, d. by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.	2	6	2	r.o.
Wm. H. Minge's ch. c. <i>Aaron</i> , by Sir Charles, dam not given, 4 yrs.	4	5	3	r.o.
Gen. Harvie's br. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.	5	3	6	r.o.
John M. Botts' b. f. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.	3	dr.		
Branch Cheatham's br. m. by Gohanna, 5 yrs.				dist.
Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Carolinian, 4 yrs.				dist.

Time, 3:55—3:56—4:05—4:08.

A very game race in which Argyle beat a field of eight; it included among other good ones, Charles Carter, who the following Spring broke down in a four mile race with Boston, after leading him the first three miles, which were run in the unprecedented time of 5:36½, and the 1st and 3d miles in 3:42½.

— *Fairfield, Va.*, Friday, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. J. Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. c. <i>Decatur</i> , by Henry, out of Ostrich (the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk) by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs.	1	2	2
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. <i>Nick Biddle</i> , by Timoleon, out of Jas. Cropper's dam, 5 yrs.	3	3	3
John S. Corbin's bl. g. <i>Black Rabbit</i> , by Engineer, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs.			br. down

Time, 8:01—8:05—8:24.

Decatur at this time was considered by very many, with the exception of Boston, the best four mile horse in the Union. After this race a match for \$10,000 a side, Four mile heats, was made on him against Fanny Wyatt, which came off over the National Course at Washington, the following May. Decatur distanced her the first heat, in 7:45. After his race with Decatur recorded above, Argyle was withdrawn from the Turf for a whole year, so that he never started in 1838.

1839 *Petersburg, Va.*, Newmarket Course, Friday, April 19—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.	3	1	1
Wm. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , own sister to Veto, 5 yrs.	1	3	2
Ed. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Sligo</i> , by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot, 5 yrs.	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.	4	2	4

Time, 3:56—4:01—3:54.

— *Baltimore, Md.*, Kendall Course, Thursday, May 16—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam, 6 yrs.	5	3	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.	2	1	2	3
Jos. N. Burch's b. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro', 4 yrs.	1	2	3	2
Col. Bryan's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins, Jr., out of Betsey Baker, 5 y.	3	dist.		
C. S. W. Dorsey's b. c. <i>Hoosier</i> , by Critic, out of Ann Page's dam, 4 yrs.	4	dist.		

Time, 5:47½ 5:40—5:56—6:01.

For a wonder, "the old Napoleon" made a capital mistake in the management of this race, or Argyle could have won the race cleverly in two heats.—Single handed he could have beaten the party with comparative ease and the winner into fits. His second heat was run in the best time ever made in America at this distance. Had he been in equally good order when started in the match against John Bascombe, the "Alabama Phenomenon" would have caught a Tartar. In the first heat Gil. Patrick rode Argyle without a whip, and he was dead to the effect of spurs; Gil. scored him savagely all the way home from the head of the quarter stretch, but it was of no use; the old horse would not extend himself. From the first Argyle was the favorite at odds against the field. Wonder, a colt of very fine speed, won the 1st heat in 5:47½, by a scant length only, but Argyle beat him the second in splendid style, in 5:40—Master Henry dropping just within his distance. In the last mile of the 3d heat Argyle and Wonder had another bout in which the gallant veteran "gave him goss" a second time. Taking into consideration the fact of Argyle's being nine years old, and the sire of a gallant winner on the same course, but two days before, it must be confessed that his performance on this occasion was unparalleled in the annals of the Turf. The day was excessively warm, and age and weight at length told. Had a proper estimate before the race been made of Wonder's speed, Argyle would have taken the purse at two heats beyond a doubt.

— *Broad Rock, Va.*, Fairfield Course, Thursday, Oct. 3—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	3	1	1
Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Capt S. W. Morgan's b. f. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzboro', out of Target's dam, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.	

Argyle was the favorite at odds, and won handily. Time, 3:55—3:54.

— *Camden, N. J.*, Friday, Oct. 9—Purse \$500. free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs. —4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs. ; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	1	2	3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 6 yrs.....	3	3	2

Time, 5:48—5:56—5:54.

This was a capital race. Clarion was then decidedly at the head of the Northern Turf and the betting between him and Argyle was very heavy ; not a shilling was offered for choice, both parties being sanguine. Clarion, in the first heat, made play from the score, and led to the last quarter of the second mile, where Argyle challenged him and they ran locked the entire third mile coming home under whip and spur. Argyle winning the heat by a neck in 5:48. In the 2d heat the two cracks led alternately ; it was a contest from the start to the end, but Clarion won it by a neck only. The 3d heat he won handily.

— *Trenton, N. J.*, Eagle Course, Friday, Oct. 25 —Purse \$600, of which the 2d best horse received \$200, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. J. S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs. ....	1	4	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	2	1	3
S. Laird's (Mr. Bathgate's) b. c. <i>Waterloo</i> , by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs.....	4	3	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Stanhope</i> , by Eclipse, out of Bonny Black's dam, 4 y. ....	3	2	dist.

Time, 4:10—3:53—3:44.

Argyle was the favorite against the field, but Passenger, was comparatively a fresh horse.

The above race was Argyle's last appearance on the Turf. He was immediately after sent home to Columbia, S. C. with *Fanny*, in charge of Willis.

#### RECAPITULATION.

1. 1834. Jan 3....	Orangeburg, S. C.....	Purse... Two mile heats....	won... \$ 150
2. —. March 19....	Augusta, Ga.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	won... 600
3. 1835. Jan. 14....	Columbia, S. C.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	won... 800
4. —. Feb. 9....	Charleston, S. C.....	Purse... Three mile heats....	won... 1000
5. —. Feb. 18....	Charleston, S. C.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	won... 1000
6. —. Dec. 22....	Columbia, S. C.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	won... 700
7. 1836. April 12....	Augusta, Ga.....	Match... Four mile heats ....	lost ...
8. —. Sept. 30....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse... Three mile heats ....	lost ...
9. 1837. April 20....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse... Three mile heats ....	won... 500
10. —. April 27....	Petersburg, Va.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	won... 700
11. —. May 18....	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse... Three mile heats....	lost ...
12. —. Sept. 28....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse... Two mile heats....	won... 250
13. —. Oct. 20....	Fairfield, Va.....	Purse... Four mile heats ....	lost ...
1838. He was not started during this year.			
14. 1839. April 19....	Petersburg, Va.....	Purse... Two mile heats....	won... 200
15. —. May 16....	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse... Three mile heats....	lost ...
16. —. Oct. 3....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse... Two mile heats....	won... 250
17. —. Oct. 9....	Camden, N. J.....	Purse... Three mile heats....	lost ...
18. —. Oct. 25....	Trenton, N. J.....	Purse... Two mile heats....	lost ...
Argyle received from a Club Purse as second best horse.....			200
Also for his services as a stallion in 1835 .....			2500

Starting eighteen times and winning eleven races—five of them at four mile heats, and two at three mile heats—making in all..... \$8850

Argyle's first colts came out in 1839, and greatly distinguished themselves. But a very limited number of mares were bred to him the first season he stood in Carolina ; of their produce only four were started in '39. Of these, Mr. Smith's *Gov. Butler* won at three, at two, and at mile heats, running the latter distance in 1:49—1:50. Col. Hampton's *Kate Seyton*, also, was twice a winner, as was Capt. Maxwell's *Alatoona*. Gov. Butler, the only colt of Argyle's we have seen, has immense size and substance ; he is at least sixteen hands high, and very well proportioned. Kate Seyton's form is one of great symmetry and beauty ; the only fault about her is, that there is not enough of her. She was a filly of very fine speed, and but for her lameness would have shown to great advantage last Fall. As the sire of winners, aside from his own brilliant and extended career on the Turf, Argyle, is richly entitled to the patronage of the breeders of Carolina and we trust his claims will not be overlooked.

## On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

*Resumed from the July Number of the "Turf Register," page 378.*

### ON THE DUTIES OF THE HEAD LAD.

By a head lad is understood a young man, or rather one who, when promoted, is fast approaching to man's estate. He is generally one who has been for some years previously brought up under the tuition of the groom, who is induced to select him for the situation from his general good conduct, and from his having a thorough knowledge of his business, both in the training as well as the riding of the horses, his private character having always been distinguished by a regard for secrecy, sobriety, and honesty—three very essential qualifications for either a training groom, jockey, head lad, or stable-boy, to possess. Such a head lad, under the groom, has full authority over all the boys and horses both in and out of the stables. He instructs and directs the boys in every part of their duty, particularly that of riding. He rides any difficult horse, as occasion may require, in their gallops or sweats. During the absence of the groom, who may be attending with some of his horses at any particular meeting, the head lad, having previously received the groom's orders, feeds and works such horses as may be left in the home stables, and when he is thus employed he should be allowed the use of a hack. He is sometimes sent with a horse or two to a country meeting, and is occasionally entrusted to train and ride such horses. When the groom is otherwise employed, he is also entrusted with horses of value and in high repute that may be going to travel to any of the great meetings. There is one principle to which a head lad should strictly adhere, and that is, secrecy relative to any horse's being amiss. He must not on any account communicate his thoughts or suspicions upon such a point in any way or to any person except to the training groom under whom he is serving. It may be necessary to caution a young beginner previous to his entering on a situation as a training groom or jockey, how he is to act towards his employer; and this shall form the subject of the next chapter.

### ON THE DUTIES OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE TRAINING GROOMS AND JOCKIES.

It is almost unnecessary to observe here, that a man who is a training groom, either public or private, should be a sober, honest, attentive, and intelligent man. He must be perfectly well ac-

quainted with every individual thing relating to a race-horse. With a clear head, his thoughts should be almost incessantly occupied in studying the different tempers and constitutions of such horses as may be placed under his care to train. He should minutely calculate every point, both for and against each horse, so that he may be able properly to arrange the feeding and working of the horses under his care. He must have a quick eye, to observe in due time the changes his horses may be likely to make. It is by strictly observing all such things, that he is able to bring each horse to post in such form as will enable him to come the length he may be engaged to run at his best pace, and without the risk of injuring his constitution.

Besides a clear head and a quick eye, there is one more essential that a groom should possess, and that is a still tongue. For as a public trainer, he is very likely to have a large establishment of horses standing in his yard, many of which, if not all of them, are under his direction. Being thus engaged to train for different noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf, he must learn to be silent in order to give general satisfaction to every one of his employers, but more particularly if any of the horses belonging to different owners should be matched against each other, or engaged together in the same stakes or plates. It is true that it does not often happen that horses so matched stand together, and it is a sort of thing which should at all times be avoided by the owners of such horses as are training in the same yard, for it must necessarily be unpleasant to the trainer (there being but one horse that can win); and although he may endeavor to serve all his employers with equal integrity, yet from the opinions formed by inexperienced sportsmen of the properties of their horses, disappointments in the result of a race will sometimes occasion jealousy to arise in the minds of the most liberal of those whose horses may have been beaten. Noblemen and gentlemen who employ a public training groom will of course at times require of him how their horses may be going on in their work, and they will, not unfrequently, request his individual opinion of them. He should always reply cautiously. I do not mean to say that he should prevaricate, but the less he says to a young sportsman the better, unless he has anything to communicate that, without an accident, would be highly advantageous. Advice, though well intended, given unasked to a young nobleman or gentleman, may be displeasing to the employer, and will probably prove injurious to the groom, by such nobleman or gentleman ordering their horses to be removed from his stables. But to an old experienced sportsman, whom the groom knows has confidence in him, he may open his mind rather freely, and may even go so far as to recommend him in due time to draw his horse, if he thinks there is no chance of his winning. He may thereby save the horse from being abused, and if the thing be well managed, it may perhaps save the payment of forfeit or entrance money. But under all circumstances, I cannot help again remarking, that a public training groom, in giving his advice on such occasions, should be very cautious indeed. The



most proper channel of communicating all such advice is through that which of all others is likely to be most satisfactory to all parties—the private trials or public running of the horses.

The private training groom should, in every respect, be equal to the public training groom, in regard to the knowledge of his business. This man has a much less difficult game to play than the public trainer. It is not unfrequent for the private training groom to reside on the premises of the nobleman or gentleman in whose employ he may be, and to be training the horses entrusted to his care, in his master's park, and perhaps not in a racing neighborhood; as, for example, at the Earl of Egremont's, at Petworth. He has therefore an opportunity of keeping his horses' properties secret, confiding them to his master only, and he can enter freely and without fear into conversation with his employer, upon the qualifications of the horses. This retired situation, removed from the public eye of curiosity, enables them, both before Christmas and in the Spring, to make the necessary trials of the various powers of their horses, and to form in a quiet way a correct judgment, under what weight and what length each horse will run to the greatest advantage. By comparing the results of these trials with the measurement which they may have had an opportunity of making, in public running, of the powers of other horses, the owner will be in a situation of entering or matching his horse in public running, to a decided advantage.

It is by training-grooms that race-horses are brought to post in the highest possible state of condition. Such horses are trained by these men, according to their ages, tempers, constitutions, and the running properties each may possess, in the length he can best run, under certain weights. These points can only be known to the trainers who direct and superintend the feeding, watering, and working of the race-horses entrusted to their care, and who should consequently be the only persons to give orders, how such horses are to be rode in their different races. Trainers also know best how to select those jockies who are in high practice, and whose skill, and coolness, combined with judgment and a quick decision, enable them to make the most of every fair advantage that may offer in the running in favor of the horses they ride.

Such men as I have been describing are invaluable to their employers. It is on the sound judgment, integrity, and honesty of men of the above description that many, many thousand pounds are often depending. I, therefore, strongly recommend to the notice of both trainers and jockies, at all times and on all occasions, to adhere strictly to the old proverb, that "honesty is the best policy," which principle in the character of man, Shakspeare has so finely exemplified in the following lines :—

"This above all, to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

It is generally understood, that until horses are brought into a stable, their feet require but very little attention. While roving about in a state of nature, they are generally sound and healthy. But it is to be observed, that when a horse is taken up from grass and brought into the stable to be got into condition, a very great change is produced in his constitution by the dry food on which he then almost solely subsists : but the change will, in a great measure, be corrected by the horse himself ; and he will assist (if allowed to do so) the digestion of the dry food he eats, by the quantity of water he chooses to drink at different intervals during the day. But he has no power to meet or counteract the very great change which is at the same time taking place in his feet. This must be left partly to the care of the groom who looks after him, and partly to the smith. They should direct their attention to this point immediately on the horse's coming into the stable, and while his feet are yet in a perfect state ; for if they once become diseased, it is difficult to get them sound : at least, I have found this to be the case.

Hunters and horses in common use are not so much exposed, nor for so long a time, to the same causes which injure their feet, as race-horses are. The former are only working through the winter, and then mostly on soft or moist ground. In the summer these horses rest, and if their feet are properly attended to during that season, there is time for them to recover any common injury they may have sustained in the course of their winter's work. Similar precautions may be adopted with respect to carriage-horses or hacks, by turning them out of work for a sufficient period ; but the race-horse cannot be so conveniently put out of work as either of these.

A race-horse, unless an accident happens to him, is kept up longer and more constantly in an artificial state, than any other horse.

Two and three-year-old colts which are bred for the Turf, and are engaged early in great stakes, are often in training as yearlings, in the winter as well as in the summer ; and when they come to a more advanced age as country platers, some of them have to come to post early in Spring, and run at different meetings until late in the autumn.

Although these horses may not be actually abused by a summer's running, yet many of them will become very stale from it ; and for such strong horses, there is not much more than three months in winter allowed for them to rest, to put up flesh, and to get fresh, before they must again commence training. During the time they are laying by, they must have bedding to lay on by day as well as by night.

It is almost unnecessary for me to observe here, that the bedding of a race-horse cannot well be dispensed with at any time, as horses in strong work require to rest by day as well as by night, and many of them do lay by day, stretching and resting their limbs and muscles ; so that they are, for sixteen or eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty, standing or laying with their hoofs on

stantly covered up with the warm bedding. This keeps their feet very hot and dry, and is one of the principal causes which occasions them to contract; nor has the horse the same power within himself of remedying this change produced in his feet, as he has of counteracting the change which takes place in his constitution, on his being brought from a state of nature into an artificial one.

All grooms should endeavor to make themselves acquainted with the nature of different horses' feet, more particularly such training grooms as may be travelling with country plate-horses—as a preventative is better than a cure. They should not only see that their boys are attentive in the common care of their horses' feet—such as picking them out and washing them—but grooms should endeavor to obtain a thorough knowledge of such treatment as may be necessary to preserve their horses' feet in as healthy a state as possible. They should endeavor also to make themselves acquainted with such remedies as may be most advantageously applied to give relief when their horses' feet are somewhat diseased or out of order from being repeatedly shod and plated. For race-horses can no more work, travel, or run with bad feet than with bad legs. Grooms were formerly particularly attentive to the latter, but I have known them neglect the former, unless when their horses' shoes or plates were put on by a strange smith. This is very improper. They should, on all occasions, pay the strictest attention to their horses' feet, as Veterinary Surgeons in high practice are not to be met with in every town, neither are good shoeing or plating smiths to be found at every racing meeting.

The feet of race-horses are mostly small and strong, with a deep or high crust. Their heels are also high and strong, and their soles concave. Horses with such very strong feet have been known to work for years without shoes, but then this has been under peculiar circumstances.

The feet of all horses are liable to contraction. This is easily to be observed, particularly in old horses which have been kept in an artificial state; their feet become long and narrow, and their heels contracted. Yet many horses with their feet in this state may be observed to go perfectly sound.

The reason Professor Coleman gives why horses with such feet are not lame, is, that Nature sometimes accommodates herself to the slow progress of the disease, and as the foot contracts in breadth, so it increases in length. The professor is of opinion, that by these means lameness is often obviated in such horses.

But when contraction is sudden, lameness is more frequently produced. This shows how necessary it is to pay the strictest attention to horses' feet when they first come into the stables, at which time they are in a sound and perfect state, as the feet of racing colts invariably are, if they have received proper attention while in their paddocks. In such situations their feet are almost constantly moist; even in the summer, their feet are moistened by the dew of the grass, twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty. And while they are in their paddocks, they are almost always in

action; their feet are exposed to the air on a soft, cool surface; and as colts are generally at this time pretty lusty, there is a good deal of weight on their feet, which may much assist in keeping them expanded while in the natural moist state in which they are so long as they continue in their paddocks.

Before I proceed to speak of the remedies necessary to be applied to horses' feet with a view to keep them sound and healthy, I shall give a description of the external horny covering of the horse's foot, and how it is divided. I shall compress and simplify the matter as much as I can. For to enter minutely into the anatomical structure of the sensible parts of the foot would probably be more curious than useful to either grooms or smiths; but it may be advantageous to both to give a plain description of the external covering.

The whole of the upper part of the crust, which is connected or joined with the skin at the lower part of the pastern, is termed the coronet; the sides of the foot are called the quarters; and the quarters terminate in the heels. The front and lower part is the toe of the hoof; this latter is the term sometimes given to the external covering of the foot. The sole is of the form of an arch, and situated round the bottom or under-part of the foot, and has a certain limited motion whenever the foot is in action. The bars are a continuation of the crust—they are convex, and extend along the sides of the frog. The frog is composed of soft, elastic horn, is convex, of a wedge-like form, and is situated in the middle of the sole, is pointed towards the toe, and spreads as it advances to the heel. In the centre of the broad part there is a fissure, which, when diseased, is termed a thrush. It is almost unnecessary for me to remark that the horny parts composing the hoof, are for the defence and protection of the sensible or internal parts of the foot, and should therefore, for this purpose, be left of a certain substance.

Authors, who have published on the Veterinary art, have given various opinions with regard to the uses of the frog of the horse's foot. Whatever may be the functions that Nature intended it should perform, it appears to me to be highly necessary that grooms and others, who have the care of horses, as well as the smith who shoes them, should become well acquainted with this part of the foot, as also with all other external parts of it. I shall therefore give my opinion, though briefly, on this matter, as far as I am capable of judging from the practical knowledge I have been able to derive from directing and superintending the shoeing of horses for the last eighteen years, in the regiment in which I have now the honor to serve. From this practice, I am induced to coincide with the opinion of Professor Coleman, and to think with him, that this part of the foot (the frog), from its elastic and wedge-like form, is intended to receive pressure—but certainly, not constant, artificial pressure, to the extent and for the length of time it has often been applied. I think that wearing the iron frog in the stables, and also wearing bar shoes, if continued for several shoeings, generally bring on diseased frogs—that is to say, if these



are applied for the purposes for which such shoes are usually intended ; which is to take the pressure off the heels of such horses' feet as may have them diseased from corns or any other cause. Under these circumstances, it is, of course, necessary to apply bar shoes, having previously removed a certain portion of horn from the parts diseased, to prevent, as much as possible, such parts coming in contact with pressure ; which being effectually done, the bar shoe is applied, and the frog, if sound and of sufficient substance, now receives a great portion of pressure, which I consider to be artificial, and which, if continued for a long time, generally produces diseased frogs. This may be obviated by making the bar part of the shoe unreasonably wide ; which, however, is rather objectionable for pleasure horses—as racers, hunters, and hacks. Yet these bar shoes, properly made, are very useful for draught horses, and indeed for any horses whose feet may be so diseased as not to go sound without them.

From the manner in which cart horses working in London and in many of our provincial mercantile towns are shod, the frogs of their feet are seldom or ever in contact with the ground, in consequence of the very high caulking of their shoes, which are necessary to prevent their slipping when exerting themselves in the drawing of heavy loads.

Now it is horses of the above description that are, perhaps, more subject to that obstinate disease "canker," than many of our pleasure horses are ; the cause of which, I am of opinion, is the want of pressure on the frog. Be this as it may ; whether draught horses' feet become affected with the disease just mentioned from the want of pressure, or whether it proceeds from the want of proper attention being paid to their feet in the stables, or from their feet not being properly cleaned out at the smith's shop prior to their being shod—or whether it results from a running thrush having been long neglected, or from the discharge proceeding from the grease penetrating through the clefts of the frog, and thereby occasioning the disease—or whether a horse becomes affected with it from any hereditary cause, as that of being bred from either a horse or mare which may have long been subject to the disease—it matters not. From whatever cause the disease may proceed, whenever it does make its appearance, it mostly makes the frog its place of preference : and, if neglected it spreads to the other parts of the foot. Now, the frog being thus affected with canker, is in a highly diseased state ; yet notwithstanding this, one of the first steps towards the cure of the disease is to lower the horse's heels, so as immediately to throw as much pressure as possible upon the frog, even in its diseased state. So necessary is pressure to the frog in forwarding the cure, that if it cannot be obtained by the above means, a bar shoe is put on ; and after the dressing has been applied, the foot is stopped up with tow as tight as it can well be done, so as to throw all the pressure possible upon the frog, with a view to keep down the fungous parts which are much inclined to rise on its surface. So that even in a diseased state, this part of the foot (the frog) will not only bear

pressure, but, that pressure being applied to it, becomes one of the principal remedies for bringing it again to its former healthy state.

From this it appears necessary that the frog of the horse's foot should receive natural pressure, by being allowed to come fully in contact with the ground.

The wall or crust of many of our large horses' feet (such as heavy coach and draught horses) is much too oblique, with low weak heels and convex soles. These diseases, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the ill-formation of many such horses' feet, more frequently proceeds from their being bred (as most horses of this description are) in low, wet, moist situations, as in the fens of Lincolnshire, than, as is often supposed, from hereditary causes.

The horn of horses' feet which are bred in such swampy places, being rapidly forced in its growth by the constant moisture, becomes thin and weak, and is soft and elastic from its being almost constantly exposed to wet; so that the wall or crust of the fore-foot is scarcely ever equal to support the weight of such heavy draught horses when bred in such situations. From this cause, the feet of many such horses expand to an unreasonable size, and the soles of their feet are to be seen protruding more or less.

It is a pity that all such horses are not bred in drier situations; if they were, their feet would be good, and strong in proportion to their weight and size, and they could be continued more constantly than they are at present at the work to which they are accustomed. Their feet being strong and in good form, they could be shod with much greater ease, and could wear plain instead of enormously heavy bar shoes. I dislike such ill-formed large-footed horses, as much as coarse large-headed ones; for both these defects (as they may be correctly termed) are much more likely to retard than to increase the speed of the horse; nor would I breed from either stallions or mares with such imperfections.

When race-horses, hunters, or hacks, have such feet as I have just described (which I allow is not frequently the case, more particularly with race-horses)—when, I say, it does happen that these horses have convex feet, it is customary not to make their shoes of more substance or of greater breadth than can possibly be avoided, according to the size of the foot and the weight of the horse, as these horses have to go a more rapid pace than heavy horses of slower movements—such, for instance, as those which work in harness. Neither race-horses nor hacks have occasion for caulking to their shoes. The same may be said with respect to hunters, unless when hunting. In shoeing such of these horses as have convex feet, it is not an easy matter for the smith to prevent the frogs from coming somewhat in contact with the ground, in consequence, as I have already observed, of the quarters and heels of such feet being so very low and weak; from which circumstance the frogs are invariably large, and in a most sound, healthy, and elastic state. This arises from their being, almost constantly, in contact with the ground. Whether such horses are

standing in the stables, or are in action, their frogs are exposed to what may be called natural pressure, which I conceive to be absolutely necessary; and I recommend that it should at all times be allowed to take place when it can conveniently be done, by the heels of strong feet being kept moderately low, and the frog pared as little as possible.

The horses belonging to the regiment in which I am now serving are light, with some little breeding; consequently there are but few with feet of the above description. But when any of their feet are in such a state, they are not so much deformed, nor at all times so deficient of horn, as many of the draught horses I have mentioned. However, all such feet generally require to be well furnished with iron. The breadth and substance of the shoes must be regulated according to the size and weight of the horse, and to the sort of work in which he is engaged. And unless such horses are shod under the superintendence of an experienced veterinary surgeon, or by a good shoeing smith in high practice, their feet soon get out of order.

My method of having cavalry horses shod that have convex feet, is, to shoe them often; but I never allow the soles of their feet to be pared to a greater extent than is absolutely necessary, until the crust or wall of the foot has grown down. This is to prevent their soles from further protruding, which has been brought on by their being kept too weak. To give strength to the heels, I have the toes kept short: and if I see it necessary, I order bar shoes to be applied on one or two occasions, or until the wall or crust has grown and become sufficiently strong. When that is accomplished, I order plain shoes of a substance and breadth equal to the weight of the horse.

Such feet seldom require to be moistened by the application of water, but for the purpose of promoting the growth of the horn and keeping it tough. Tar ointment is the best application I am acquainted with; it is composed of equal parts of tar and mutton suet, or lard. This ointment, as well as the yellow basilicon ointment, have been long in use with grooms and farriers, and most excellent applications they are for keeping the horn of horses' feet tough and elastic. The application is to be used twice or thrice a week, and to be well rubbed round the hoof. In applying it to the soles, it should be spread on pledgets of tow, covering the whole surface of the sole, and to be sufficient in quantity or substance to give some degree of pressure to the sole, whereby the crust or wall of the foot will be relieved of a certain portion of its weight; and the edges of the tow should be pressed under the shoe, so as to give pressure to those parts in a similar way.

By the method of shoeing and the treatment here recommended, I have not only kept horses in work that have been at head quarters, but their feet have so much grown, and become so strong, as to admit of their being almost constantly shod in plain shoes.

I have thus far given my opinion with regard to the application of pressure on the frog, and also such instructions for the shoeing

and treatment of such feet as the practice I have had authorizes me to give; and which I hope will be sufficient for the guidance of grooms and smiths who have the care and shoeing of race-horses, subject to such imperfections.

With regard to the feet of thorough-bred horses generally, I would observe, that these horses, having their origin in a hot climate, and being bred on a dry soil, their feet are, as I have before noticed, almost invariably found to be strong, upright, and small, with the soles concave. This description is applicable to the majority of the race-horses now bred in this country, which are subject, either from accident, inattention, or other causes, to most of the diseases met with in the feet of horses employed in common use. But the diseases to which all horses with strong feet are principally subject, are bad thrushes, contraction, and, not unfrequently, that which is termed the navicular disease; which latter was formerly better understood by describing the horse as being foundered, or groggy.

The locality of this disease is between the navicular bone and the flexor tendon, which latter passes over the former in its way to be inserted into the coffin bone—this is the seat of the disease. The surface of the navicular bone, and that part of the tendon immediately over it, become heated and inflamed when diseased; which is occasioned by the concussion produced in the rapid pace horses are at times obliged to go over hard ground. From a frequent repetition of these causes, the inflammation increases to such an extent as to terminate in an ossification of the parts, which are thereby deprived of their natural action, and indeed, of all action whatsoever; and horses which are severely affected with the complaint, may be seen going as much as they possibly can on their hind quarters.

Race-horses are occasionally subject to the above disease; but there are some among them—such as the craving ones, which are more liable to become affected with the complaint than the light ones, in consequence of their having not only to go long lengths in their gallops and sweats, but occasionally to sweat three times a fortnight, and not unfrequently, in the height of summer—in the months of July and August—when most of our training and running grounds in the South may be said to be very little better (in regard to the hardness of their surfaces) than turnpike roads. From the unavoidable necessity there is for keeping these horses almost constantly in strong work on such hard ground, the feet of some of them become heated and inflamed—so much so, that it is not uncommon for the groom now and then to observe a horse in the string, when walking away first from the stable (perhaps the morning after sweating) to go a little stiff and feeling in his fore feet. The groom (if he is competent) on observing this, takes the earliest opportunity of recommending the owner to put the horse out of work for a short time, and by bleeding and giving him physic and rest, the inflammation in his feet subsides; and to any but a very accurate observer he will then appear to go sound. The owner, acting upon the hint given him by the training groom, will



probably sell the horse. Should he not be disposed of, he is, of course, again put into training; and the same cause (strong work) very soon produces the same effect, and the horse at last becomes permanently diseased in his fore feet. He is seen by the groom to go very feeling in them in his walk; and in his gallops and sweats, he goes stiff and short in his stride.

The groom, now finding that he cannot get the length into the horse at the usual pace, recommends the owner to put the horse out of training; and perhaps at an age when there might have been a great deal of good running left in him; and in all probability, he might have continued in training for two or three years longer, had proper attention been paid to his feet while he yet continued a young one.

To make further comment on the navicular disease would be useless, as I am totally unacquainted with any remedy by which it may be cured. Attention should principally be directed to prevent, as much as possible, this disease, or any other, from taking place; for when horses fall lame in their feet, it is often difficult to get them sound again, unless the lameness proceeds from a mechanical injury. I think of the number of horses that become progressively lame from strong and rapid work, not more than half are again brought permanently sound, unless their work is stopped, and early means resorted to for their relief.

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## CANADA RACES AND YANKEE JOCKIES.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

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EARLY in August the Quebec garrison races took place on the plains of Abraham, the spot where the gallant Wolf so dearly purchased his renown. The arrival of the new governor-general, with a numerous staff, all well mounted, gave additional life to the meeting, and we had two excellent days' racing. Mounted upon Wellington and Douro (conquering names!) two thorough-bred English horses, I carried off four prizes: I mention this, not from vanity, but as an opening to a story I am about to relate. On the evening of the first day's races, I was returning to Quebec, when a small, thin, shrivelly sort of a man, with hollow cheeks, black twinkling eyes, and long, lanky hair, mounted on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me, and, drawing up, said—

"I guess, mister, you're one of the Britishers that have been racing on them there plains."

"I am, sir," I replied, somewhat surprised at the tone of the new comer.

"Now, I guess," he continued, "that you know as much about racin' as a Chippewa Indian does of a pair of dancing pumps."

But to the point; I've a four-year-old colt, which I raised, half-blood, though a perfect pictur' of a horse, which, if you'll give me a little start, I'll run any horse in Quebec, winner to be sold for 300 dollars."

I replied that I would at once accommodate him, with one slight alteration in his proposal, that, instead of a little start, I would make him a handsome allowance for age and breed. After some little demur, the Yankee agreed to run his four-year-old American colt Eagle, 8st., against my thorough-bred English mare Camilla, aged, 11st., best of heats, the first a mile, the second two miles, and the third three miles, for \$200, p.p., stakes to be made that evening at the Union Hotel. As my friend rode off, I fancied I heard him say,—

"I guess I'll slip into them Britishers afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I calculate I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em."

The stakes were duly made, and the following morning I was proceeding to the race-course, when I heard a clatter behind me, and, on looking round, saw my unknown friend of the day before. Anxious not to have any further communication with him for the present, I pushed my hack on faster and faster to his best trot.

"I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse, legs all under him—gathers all up snug—no rollin', or wabblin', all steady," said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in to prevent his horse passing me.

I felt humbled; my favorite trotting hack, Spring, was beaten. This might be ominous of the fate that was hanging over me. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

"Yes," continued he, "a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty fair trotter, too, I guess."

These words cut me to the quick; Spring, the observed of all observers, to be pronounced by a Yankee dealer to be merely "a pretty fair trotter." Anxious to change the conversation, I made the usual commonplace English remark upon the weather, and deservedly was I punished for this piece of nationality.

"It's generally allowed," said he, "our climate in America can't be no better. It stumps the whole univarsal world. It whips English weather by a long chalk—none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky, rael cheerful-some."

We reached the race-course, and my "little unknown" weighed and mounted. Eagle was a thin, leggy animal, very unlike the Yankee's description—"a real daisy, a perfect doll—dreadful pretty—a genuine clipper—could gallop like the wind, beating a flash of lightning by a neck or so; had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodgers's speaking trumpet." The jockey was equipped in an old pair of dark-colored corduroy unmentionables, shoes and gaiters, a waistcoat that once had been yellow, and a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head. No sooner

was this American Robinson, as he thought himself, in his seat, than the brute upon which he was mounted began rearing, kicking, and plunging. After one or two false starts we both got away, the Eagle making tremendous running; before we had gone half a mile, however, he put his foot upon a stone, fell, and the rider pitched over his head. As the Eagle had flown across the plain, I, of course, pulled up, and expressed a hope that the jockey was not hurt.

"Don't stand starin' and jawin' there," said the prostrate man, "but help me up; I'm proper tired; I blow like a horse that has got the heaves, and I guess I had better wash my face, for I've ploughed up the ground with my nose the matter of a foot or two."

I was too wary to dismount, which I afterwards found was the Yankee's object, but, calling to some soldiers of the artillery to help Jonathan to the weighing-stand, walked over the course. No sooner was his trick seen through, than up he jumped, and, mounting his horse, which had now been caught and brought to him, tried to overtake me, but that was not to be done; I had passed the winning-post ere he had arrived at the distance-flag, and he was declared distanced. A wrangle now ensued, the American loudly declaring that no distance had been mentioned, and that we must run the race out. The Stewards were appealed to, and of course decided that all matches run on the Garrison race-course, were subject to the usual laws of racing. The bets were now all paid, and the stakes to be given up, upon my horse walking over, when, anxious to give the Eagle a chance, I consented to run one heat, either of one, two, or three miles, for the stakes, provided an additional hundred dollars were posted on each side. This was agreed to, and the last race of the day was to decide the bottom of the English and American horses, for the three mile course had been accepted. The event came off as I expected; the Eagle went again on the "go ahead" system, and at the end of two miles completely shut up; I made a race of it, winning by a neck. Camilla was claimed. I regretted her loss; but consoled myself with having received, including the stakes, six hundred dollars for her. The loser bore his disappointment with the greatest good humor, declaring that his horse was "clear grit—ginger to the backbone, and actilly equal to cash"—adding "that he had purchased Camilla for a friend, as he had no likin' for the critter." Pleased with the manner in which the Yankee had borne his defeat, I presented him with a small gratuity, and he took his departure.

On the following day I discovered the cause of his good humor, which did not in the slightest degree add to mine. A few weeks previous to the races I had given a friend of mine a commission to purchase an American horse, which, according to common report, had been winning everything in the States. Unfortunately my friend fell in with a 'cute Yankee horse-dealer, who agreed to purchase the horse for him for 300 dollars. Being at that time rather green in the ways of the world, I had written to an agent

at Montreal to pay that sum, as soon as the horse arrived there. This was accordingly done; but, instead of remaining in that town with the new purchase, and which I was anxious should be the case, as the races were shortly to commence there, and there was a large allowance for American-bred horses in the great sweepstakes, the dealer proceeded to Quebec in the steamboat, horse and all. No sooner had he arrived, than he sought me out in the way I have described to my readers, without of course telling me that he had brought my steed with him; nor until the day after the races did I discover that I had been not only running for my own money, which the artful dealer had staked instead of paying to the man from whom the horse was purchased, but that I had beaten my own newly-bought flyer, Eagle, as the sailors say, "on every point" of running, and had parted with Camilla for 300 dollars. To sum up all, I had presented the rogue with a gratuity, and had to refund nearly £15 to my Montreal agent for money advanced to the dealer for his expenses, independent of 300 dollars, the price I had consented to give for this miserable specimen of Yankee horseflesh, which, as a matter of course—I mean no pun—was beaten at Montreal by the very animal I had sold—Camilla. In the following winter the high-mettled racer, Eagle, was reduced to the situation of *wheeler* in my sledge, if such a term (as appropriate as the common mistake of asking the *Christian* name of a Jew) can be used where wheels are dispensed with.

London Sporting Review for June, 1843.

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## SCROPE'S DAYS OF SALMON FISHING.

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BY THE ORGANIST.

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MR. SCROPE is decidedly one of the notable characters of the day. It is no rare thing to find an individual pre-eminent for the possession of one coveted talent, by the constant exercise and cultivation of which he may become a man of mark and likelihood, quoted beyond his own particular circle, and on the highway of achieving such fame as the bent of his inclination will allow. In these days—Heaven help us!—every man sets up for a sort of genius, has a special science in which he vouchsafes to dabble, and is little short of a monomaniacal professor. But show us the man like Mr. Scrope, who is not only an accomplished gentleman, but a refined and elegant scholar, an artist, a musician, a linguist, and, above all, a thorough sportsman in every branch of the craft—at home alike upon the mountain or by the pool—and we regard him with admiration, and perhaps a touch of envy, as one of Nature's prime favorites, who knows and feels the value of the manifold blessings he has received. That our author is all this and



more, the works which he has given to the public do most abundantly testify ; and we rise from the perusal of this his last Treatise with even a fuller appreciation of his extensive acquirements, rich comic humor, and felicitous style of illustration than we conceived or expressed before.

"What on earth has made the old *Organist* so eulogistic to-day ? That was not his wont." Listen, gentle, or rather ungentle reader—for bile is written on your face—and we will tell you why. For two springs have we been debarred our usual pleasant pastime by the river side. Unthinned by us for long have been the pools of the silver Tweed, untrodden her pebbly fords. Last year we gave the salmon a jubilee. Long we waited for the first rains to fall—not that they might refresh the earth and awaken the herbage, for we care as little about agriculture as Mr. Colden or a Bedouin Arab—but that the mosses might be soaked, the galleys filled, the burns red, and the Great River sent roaring to the sea, to summon from its mighty bosom the noblest of the finny tribes. Long we waited with the sickness of hope deferred, looping up our tackle at times in a kind of austere desperation, and impiously railing in our hearts at the cold dry winds and nipping atmosphere of a belated Scottish spring. When rain came, it was in dribblets, scarcely enough to allay the dust, and never enough to furnish a gush for a moderate-minded gutter. Meanwhile the earth became green, and not the earth only, but the waters also. Hushed was the brawling of the brook and the gentle rippling of the rapid. Clear shining stones no longer lay at the bottom, for a kind of cozy scurf grew up and covered them, and slimy even to sickness was the surface of the stagnant pool. Where then were the salmon ? Of a truth we know not ; but in our fancy's eye we saw them clustered and swarming in the salt water over against the mouth of the river in great multitudes, waiting for the welcome spate, just as the old frequenters of Drury Lane used to wait for the opening of the pit-door. Indeed they were much better there than in the fresh. Even trouts, "native, and to the custom born," began to loathe their lukewarm shallow element, and might be seen of an evening coming in to rub their snouts against the sand. The only gentlemen who seemed to enjoy the thing were the eels, who wriggled comfortably in the mud, and sucked in garbage by the yard. It was a season to break the heart of the most frigid and philosophic fisherman ; or, at all events, to tempt him to break his rod, and abjure his craft for ever.

They told us afterwards that the spate did come, but on the whole it must have been a sorry affair, and we question if any one was inclined to cry with the buskined Bucolic,

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri ; sat prata biberunt."

At any rate we were far away, and derived no profit from it. This year a medical friend has strongly advised us to make colchicum a material article of our diet, and as some antipathy is understood to exist between the consumers of that valuable herb

and cold water, more especially when applied to the feet, we have not yet ventured to the Tweed. But we have done what was next best. We have lain all day upon the sofa, with Mr. Scrope's volume in our hands, and resolutely shutting our ears to the plaintive wailings of two hurdiegurdies and a bagpipe, have allowed ourself to wander with him, in fancy, by the side of our beloved river, have heard the cry of the cuckoo and the hum of the early bee, have inhaled the sweet scent of the violet, primrose, and brier, and have watched below the hollow of the Trows the plunge of the silver salmon. Sweet streams below Makerstoun—Rutherford, Mertoun waters—how well we know you all! How changed is the world with us since the fair-haired blooming boy, strong in hope and in limb, supple as the tiger-cat, and eager as the otter, bounded over the furze and green sward to throw his fly into your whirling eddies! How sharp was his delight, when the bell and wave of the salmon told that the prey was hooked! and how keenly bounded his heart to the merry music of the reel, as yard after yard of the line went spinning out, and the strong rod bent almost double, and at last, with a desperate spring, the glorious creature leaped right out of the glancing element, displaying his magnificent bulk in the clearer element of the air! And then the thrill of anxiety as we went down the water, the fish fighting like a chained gladiator, hard of head and most unwilling to die! These rocks that jut into the water, how are we to get past them? Why *take* the water to be sure; it cannot be more than waist-deep; and if it were, rather swim for it than lose such a prime fresh-run miracle as that. In we go. Fortunately our fifth button-hole floats, and half wading, half scrambling, half floundering, we carry on till at last we emerge upon the sward; and, lo! there is a bank of gravel whereon a fish might be proud to lie. We gave him the butt, and in he comes, rather upon his side than otherwise, but still with determination in the twitches of his tail. He touches the stones, and, as if a serpent had stung him, back he starts with a twist, dashes up the stream as strong as ever, and sends the line whistling through the rings. 'Tis but for a moment, however. Gentle force compelling him, again he comes floating downwards, again with sweet semicircle he steers gracefully towards the shore. We have no gaff nor attendant—a boy needs none—but we *pirn* up with what speed we may, and an ingenious manœuvre brings us to the side of our gasping and exhausted prey. Aha! Master Salmon! we have you by the tail over the gravel, and up upon the mossy bank. Die! fit sacrifice for the gods. *Moritur*, and—weighs sixteen pounds to a hair.

Ah, me! these were pleasant times; but we are old now—and so is Christopher North—and so we fear is Mr. Scrope. Yet what of that? Our green old age is vigorous—confound that twinge!—and we flatter ourselves that we three could yet maintain unsullied our ancient reputation upon the waters. Would not that be a glorious trial—the three veterans upon the Tweed against all Britain! How say you, Gentlemen of the English Angling and Original Waltonian Clubs—are you ready to stake your money?

We will do it for a thousand a side, and give you a fourteen-pounder to begin with.

Singularly enough, we never saw Mr Scrope save once, and that was near Meilkleour. We were not fishing that day, but walking on the opposite side of the river in rather a pensive mood, reflecting on the propriety of drawing our purse-strings to relieve the necessities of a scape-grace nephew, and thinking how hard a thing it was that we should have lived to have a sister's son entered in the Guards. We will not say that we were not swearing a little—but that must have been slightly—when we heard the plunge of a fish in the water, and, lifting up our eyes, beheld a Gentleman in a boat working away for dear life with a salmon half as big as a sow, and ten times more obstinate. We saw at a glance that the rod was grasped in a masterhand, so we quietly seated ourselves on the bank, and lighted our cheroot to enjoy the scene at leisure. I never saw a thing done more prettily. The salmon sulked, and evidently shewed a predisposition for the bottom, and a strong hankering for various sharp-cornered rocks, which thereabouts are rather plentiful; but it was of no use. The angler kept up his head as steadily as an experienced serjeant imparting the positions to a raw recruit, and the fish presently seemed convinced that it was folly to adopt the tactics of his fourteenth cousin, the barbel. Away then he went like an arrow, squatting in most extraordinary fashion near the surface—a very dangerous mode of progression by the way, which we have seen sulky salmon more than once adopt—and varying his rectilinear course by a succession of short curvettes, such as Perrot may be supposed to practise behind the scenes ere he darts forth upon the boards the actual incarnation of caoutchouc. Cannily then ran the line, and beautifully worked the reel. We could hear its whirr—whirr—whirr distinctly, as the salmon drew out the lengths, and we saw that it was a real trial of skill, a contest between the man and the fish, not so much of strength as of artifice. Meanwhile the salmon had worked his way down towards the bottom of the pool, whence issued a stream impetuous as a mill-race, and broken by enormous stones. If the fish once entered *that*, we would not have given the butt-end of our Manilla for his reversion, and it appeared to us that the chance of stopping him was at least extremely problematical. "We would give him the butts," said we to ourself in the plenitude of our wisdom, and next moment we felt a blush of shame suffuse our visage, for it was evident that to practise that manœuvre with a salmon struggling near the surface was nothing short of perdition. The stranger was wiser than we, for he gave him *line*, and although the fish and boat were rapidly nearing the stream, the success of the artifice was perfect. Whether the fish imagined from the cessation of the check that he was free, or suspected some other dodge, it is of course impossible for us, who have never undergone a piscine metempsychosis, to divine, but certain it is that he instantly swam deep, and turned his head up the water. In doing so he neared the bank. Then was the moment. The angler leaped ashore, rapidly reeled up, gave his adversary

the butt direct, and never more permitted him to run. An athletic assistant plunged into the water, and gave Master Salmon the gaff by implication. We looked on approvingly as the noble creature was hauled up on the bank, felt something like a spasm of hunger pass through our vitals, consulted our watch as to the approximation of dinner-time, and wandered homewards, wondering who the stranger might be. On the road we met Rory Anderson, the crack fisherman of Dunkeld, who informed us that it was Mr. Scrope. We would have gone back to make a personal acquaintance on the spot, had we not feared, with gentle King Jamie, that the cock-a-leekie might be getting cold, and knowing that three or four strapping Athole lads, who were to dine with us that day, would be waxing fearfully impatient, and probably execrating our memory in varieties of barbarous Erse. We accordingly delayed our visit, and next week, to our infinite sorrow, we found that the bird was flown. Somehow or another, Mr. Scrope seems to us as inscrutable and ubiquitous a personage as Mr. Borrow, the Spanish traveller, whom nobody ever saw. We have heard of him on the Tay, the Tummel, and the Tweed—above the Pass of Killiecrankie, and below the bridge of Melrose—and yet, save for that fitful apparition, we have never beheld him; and even that glimpse rests upon the authority of Rory Anderson, whose constant maxim it is never to profess ignorance on any subject whatever. We fear, therefore, that we shall never meet: but one valuable memento we have, in the shape of Mr. Scrope's autograph on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy of his "Days of Deer-stalking," which is one of the most esteemed, as it is one of the most elegant ornaments of our drawing-room table.

We are glad to find that Mr. Scrope entertains the same opinion with regard to the identity of the parr and the samlet which we maintained years ago in the pages of *MAGA*, before the ingenious and conclusive experiments of Mr. Shaw were laid before the public. We are a good deal surprised, however, to find him assert that the late James Hogg, the renowned Ettrick Shepherd, was a partisan of the opposite faction. We first became acquainted with the said James about thirteen years since, and know that *then* he maintained the theory of identity with much perseverance. He was, in fact, the first man in Scotland who adduced positive proof to that effect, by marking in the spring of every year a large number of parr, many of which were afterwards retaken in their enlarged character of salmon, and although, at the time, his asseverations upon the subject might have been deemed a little miraculous, he is entitled to his fair share of credit now, when the possibility of recapture has been placed beyond all doubt by the experiences of Messrs. Shaw and Young. Probably Mr. Scrope points at an earlier period of time.

We do wish that Mr. Scrope had given the aid of his excellent pen to put our Legislators right in their bungling Salmon-fishing Bills, to advocate a later close-time, an earlier withdrawal of the nets, and a rigorous and extended Sunday-slap. We have written upon this subject until we were sick and tired of the theme, and



possess as much red-taped correspondence from sapient senators as would fill an ordinary portmanteau. No one should be allowed to sit in Committee on that point, unless he can produce satisfactory testimonials of having slaughtered at least fifty fish in one season, and then we should hold him to be a competent judge. On the last Committee, we aver, with confidence, that half of the Honorable Members—we hope it is no breach of privilege to say so—were innocent of the blood of a gudgeon, and knew no more about the natural history of a salmon than they did about the habits of the sea-serpent. Now that sort of thing is perfectly preposterous. The owners of fisheries, knowing whom they had to deal with, assorted their testimony accordingly; and evidence, which was only drawn from the observation of an early river, was held equally to apply to the latest. The difference of rivers in this respect is so great, that one might with equal wisdom regulate the growth of peas in Scotland by assuming an equality with Portugal. It would be well to keep in mind, that, legislate as you please about Nature, you can never control her operations. Some people, if we may judge from their sentiments and speeches, appear to think differently, and to hold that the omnipotence of Parliament extends so far as to compel the fish to run up the river at a given day. If so, what is the penalty of disobedience? To be sold and eaten as Tariff salmon? In that case we would rather trust to Mr. Scrope's angling-rod for enforcing it than to the awful powers of the Speaker's warrant.

Scrope wades, and shews himself thereby to be a sensible man. In salmon-fishing, and indeed in fishing of any kind, it will not do to trip along the bank in French boots, as if you were going to execute a mazourka. Not only do you lose the best casts by so doing, but there is something ineffably contemptible and missyish in the caution of avoiding wet feet, save always when the gout compels. Let us suppose, however, friend of Hoby, that you have contrived by accident to twitch your Kerby firmly into the jaw of a twenty-pounder, and tell us how you intend to secure him. You are, we observe, upon a bank, with the clear water running about three feet deep beneath you, and there is a rapid a little way below, where you may contrive to cross by immersing yourself about as far as the middle. Have the kindness to look down the water to the right. The stream runs boiling against a wall of solid rock about fifty feet high, on the face of which there is not a ledge broad enough for a mouse to creep, and that way you are convinced, we presume, that progress is effectually barred. Now favor yourself with an observation upwards. You see that the bank grows steeper and steeper, and that a clump of trees comes down to the water's edge, and in fact overhangs the stream, so there also there is no egress. Nay, if you ventured it, and did it too, we would not give a sixpence for your anatomy; for the Laird of Mellerstain's old brindled bull, the most vicious tosser in the parish, has twigged you for this last half-hour, and is now quietly watching behind the fence, preparing for a start the instant that your elegant proportions shall appear within the verge of his sanctuary.

Now, Sir, will you oblige us with your intentions regarding the killing of that fish?

"O dear! O dear! do you think he will run away from me?"

To us, deeply pondering, our excellent Sir, the question appears to be, not whether he will run away *from* you, but whether he will not run away *with* you altogether. Meanwhile he has been amusing himself with taking a turn or two in the stream preliminary to a start. Now he goes with a whirr, and—as I thought—*down*. For Heaven's sake, keep your hand from the reel, or you will be broken to splinters! Never mind though the line cuts your fingers. D—n it, man! don't stand there staring like a stuck pig! Do something!

"O dear! I wish that horrid brute hadn't taken hold of my hook! What am I to do?"

Why, tumble into the water to be sure, scramble across the ford: on the opposite side you have a clear channel and an open bank for a couple of miles. Keep his head down and your line tight, and in an hour or so he'll be walloping in your creel. Quick, man!—in—in!

"O but I shall spoil my watch!"

Confound your watch! Would you set a flat Geneva affair against a fresh-run salmon? Get in with you, we say. Well behaved! There you go, plunging through like an ancient Trojan, staggering a little, it is true, but that's natural, for the stream is strong, and on the whole you are shewing fight for it. Don't attempt to get upon that stone, or you are a gone 'coon! What? you would, would you? Very well.—Squash! In he goes, heels over head, the rod flies out of his hand, and the current whirls him down, like an overgrown cork, into the pool. By Jove, this grows serious! Halloo, you Sir! can you swim? No more than the new aerial-machine can fly! Tam Richardson! as you hope to taste whisky more, wade in and gaff him. Out he comes—hardly more senseless, but decidedly less sentient than before, his muscles in a state of collapse, and his face as blue as a baboon's. Ay! you see the boots have done it—not a nail in them, and the soles as slippery as ice. Pretty papooshes these for the feet of a fisherman upon the Tweed! Lay him on the bank, Tam, and rub the water out of him, whilst we look after his rod. There it is; and by Saint Anthony, the fish is still on the line. We plunge in, recuperate the lost chevalier, and in about half an hour land as fine a kipper as ever glided beneath a scaur. On returning, we find our spruce acquaintance restored to partial animation, and in a fit of generosity persuade him that he slew the fish in the paroxysm of his own mortal struggles.

Mr. Scrope's ideas on the subject of flies correspond entirely with our own. Of the six which figure in the plate, the *Tobby* is decidedly our favorite, and next to it *Sir Michael Scott*. This plate alone is more valuable to a fisherman than the whole contents of many treatises. We are glad also to observe that Mr. Scrope adheres to the ancient and beautiful practice of fishing with single gut. The true Sportsman does not relish your twisted cable; and

we really think that over-confidence in your tackle robs the sport of half its charm.

There are two inimitable chapters upon the peculiar methods of capture called Sunning and Burning the Water, on the latter of which we shall only remark—and it is no slight praise—that we think Mr. Scrope's descriptions, whilst more minute, are equally picturesque with the account of this sport given by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Guy Mannering." The *leister*, however, is a dangerous implement for the angler. After one or two successful trials, he is apt to become, like an opium or lotos-eater, disgusted with the lesser sport. Wholesale slaughter—for a hundred fish and more may be speared in the course of such an expedition—takes off the edge of one's appetite for the *monomachia* of the rod. But human flesh and blood cannot resist the allurements. The fantastic beauty of the scene—the red lights streaming on the surface of the water, and rendering visible every minute pebble in the deep recesses of the pool—the dart of the silvery salmon, with the flashing streak which he leaves behind him in his wake—the phantasmagoria of the trees as they seem to flit past you, their great stems and dark foliage made apparent for an instant by the reflection of the blazing torch—all these are things which, once seen, can never be forgotten, and which no description can convey or art imitate, unless some future Rembrandt should arise to wield at once the *leister* and the brush. Even Mr. Scrope seems conscious that these methods of fishing are a little *de trop*, and accordingly excuses himself in the following manner:—

"All this to the Southern ear sounds like poaching of the most flagitious description; but a salmon is a fish of passage, and if you do not get him to-day, he will be gone to-morrow. The Tweed used to let for above £12,000 a year; judge, then, in what a wholesale manner these fish are caught by long nets and other sweeping modes; yet in what profusion they continue to be found! You may just as well think of preserving herrings or mackerel as these delicious creatures; and there would be no objection to your taking 3378 salmon at one haul, if fortune would so favor you, as Commander Ross did at Boothia Felix."

Liberal ideas certainly! but we are in too good humor just now to join issue upon such a point. We shall only remark, that, if such be Mr. Scrope's sentiments he might have exercised a little more lenity towards the unfortunate Souter of Selkirk, whom he captured with a salmon in his possession. We do not understand, from his account, that it was in close-time, but if it was, it may be worth consideration, whether, in possessing himself of the fish for the avowed purpose of consumption, Mr. S. was not equally liable to a penalty under the existing Act. The humor of the fellow should have saved him, and we cannot approve of the confiscation of his flies.

To conclude our remarks upon this beautiful and fascinating volume, from the perusal of which we promise an ample treat both to the mind and eye of the reader, we select the following angling anecdote, given on the authority of the renowned John Crerar.

We reserve our opinion as to its credibility, and shall merely give it the title of

THE JONAH MOUSE.

"The Tay trout," says John Crerar, "lives in that river all the year round. It is a large and yellow fish with a great mouth, and feeds chiefly on salmon spawn, moles, mice, frogs, &c. A curious circumstance one happened to me at Pulney Loch: one of my sons threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout took the mouse down immediately. The boy told me what had happened; so I took my fishing-rod, which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it on the walk: in two seconds the mouse ran out of its mouth, and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it."!!!

After this, we place implicit confidence in the statement of the Souter, who averred that the salmon leaped of its own accord into his pocket, whilst he was in the act of fording the stream.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.

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MY FIRST POINTER,  
AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

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BY A VOYAGER.

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I DECLARE solemnly that I think one of the most unalloyed of mundane pleasures is the coming into possession of one's *first pointer*. It is a pleasure in fruition, yet supercharged, at the same time, with pleasures in prospect; so that, unlike most other gratifications, enjoyment does *not* bring to it extinction.

Well do I remember the receipt of my first pointer—a puppy just weaned from its mother. I was in the heyday of youth, and there was the promise attached to the suckling that so soon as I had broken him in thoroughly I was to have my first game certificate—was to be enrolled among the legitimates:

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"Joy was with the gift,  
Yet 'twas a herald joy, telling of others coming."

If it were of importance, I could describe the very basket in which the pup was conveyed to me, then a denizen in "my father's halls;" but that may be left to slumber in my own memory, and I will make my commencement of these "Reminiscences" of my pointer's pupilage, a description of his personal appearance, for "there's matter in it."

The aphorism that "a good horse is never of an ugly color,"



necessarily applies to all animals, for it is merely a version of a still more comprehensive adage—"handsome is that handsome does;" but I think the converse of the aforesaid aphorism does not hold good if applied to the pointer, for I never knew a dingy "ugly colored" one of the breed worth shooting to; and in nine cases out of ten the sleekest coated, brightest colored pups of a litter will prove the best dogs. The hair of that puppy of which I am to offer some reminiscences, was soft and glistening as that of the mole, and no jet ever exceeded in intensity the black spread in broad patches over his ears and back—the rest of his coat was equally glossy and purely white. The beauty and excellence of this animal has, perhaps, created within my mind a prejudice in favor of pointers of these contrasted colors; but certain it is I prefer the white and black pointer—I put the white first because that should be largely in excess. And, let me add, there is this utility in having a dog with white predominating—he is much more easily seen at periods of the day, and in situations where a dark-coated dog is lost in the shadows; but independent of this, I prefer a pointer whose coat armor is *guttés de poix* on a field *argent*.

The bitch from which my puppy was bred was one of the smallest that ever quartered over a stubble, whilst his sire was as extremely the contrary; and as this and all the other offsprings of the union were very large-sized dogs, they afforded another illustration of that result of experience, so equivocally expressed by the ancient, "the sire overcometh the dam quite."

To facilitate reference I had better state at once, that my puppy was baptized *Sancho*, being a name never found wanting in our kennels, perhaps, since falconry gave way to gunnery in the art of fowling, and certainly in no time to which the memory of man runneth; and never will I have a dog for the gun without an *o* final to his name, if that name exceeds one syllable. For this resolve no sportsman will desire a better reason than that names so terminating can be loudly uttered with less exertion than any other.

Sancho, having a liberal allowance from the dairy, suffered no check to his early growth, and liberal diet never resulted in a more copious development of parts than on this occasion. His carcase became so large that his limbs could not sustain its weight, and for some months he scrambled about during the chief part of each day on the knees of his fore legs. Gamekeepers pronounced this a fatal failure, but I used to laugh at their prognostics, and thought the dairy-woman's dictum much more consonant with reason, "La! sir, he is but a puppy; he'll be stronger when he's older." So Sancho was left to her nursing; and, as in many other instances, those who should know better were demonstrated to be in the wrong, for her dietry soon put Sancho "upon his legs."

No dog so frequently as the pointer transmits to his progeny the regulated propensities with which it is endowed. I have heard it gravely asserted, that a breed of shepherd's dogs in the Lothians had been so systematically and invariably docked, or *cur-tailed*, as a punster would have it, that whole litters were frequently laid

down with tails of the required brevity. Whether this strong evidence in support of Lord Monboddo's theory be correct or false, I leave to the physiologist; but it is quite certain that there are many pointers, the whelps of which instinctively, and without instruction, will point and back. To use the gamekeeper's phrase, they are *self-broken*. Sancho was one of these self-educated dogs, at least, so far as standing and backing.

I hold it as a practice to be followed invariably when breaking in a puppy required for pointing game, to take him in the first instance to a place where he will be certain to find game, with so much cover that the game will as certainly lie close, and on a day when the scent will be strong. These concurrent circumstances will prevent the dog being rendered lavish by long and unsuccessful hunting, or cowed by being frequently checked; and many puppies will at once point of their own accord, if first introduced into the field with these contingencies in their favor.

So soon as Sancho was six months old, in a warm July day, succeeding to one which had been wet, and with a gentle wind from the south, I took him to the north side of a field of tares standing for seed, and hied him forwards. He went off freely; the wind was in his nose, and a covey of partridges had been seen to drop in this field an hour before. The tares prevented him going very fast, and before he had quartered the field a second time, he came to a dead point. He stood firm until I came up to him; the scent was so strong that he required encouragement to induce him to advance even a single step; the birds were very young, and "lying like stones." He found them almost singly, without making a blunder, and I forthwith took him home, gave him an extra meal, and, need I add, showed my approbation in every mode that maketh glad the hearts of dogs. I actually shot to him that season, not regularly, but for an hour or two on several different days; and in the season following he proved as good a dog as was ever shot over. He was timid, and if flogged for a fault did not recover confidence for hours. Indeed, I never knew but one dog which was not better educated by a system of rewards and gentle corrections than of severe punishments. The extreme of punishment should be administered with a light whip which will induce smarting, but nothing approaching to a bruise. Kicks and hedgestakes are never bestowed upon a dog by any one deserving the name of a sportsman, and if he cannot restrain his passion so far as to refrain from their employment, he ought to be avoided like a certain gouty captain in Berkshire. This martyr of the gout and of his own ill-temper, used to be so furious with any dog that might happen to be disobedient, and the punishments he inflicted (he called them *founcings*) so atrociously severe, that when his voice and rage rose together, I have seen every one of his dogs (two pointers and a retriever) flee home in dismay, and their speed hastened by every attempt at recal.

One of the most important circumstances to be secured for a pointer on first entering him, is to have him shot to by one who can kill, at least, twice out of three chances. The dog is rejoiced

and encouraged by such success as much as his master ; and a young pointer who finds his efforts thus rewarded will go through his work with a proportionate spirit and carefulness. It will confirm him in the habits of ready obedience which have been instilled, and will be a much better finishing to his education than is the college to the scholastic tyro.

I presume that no experienced sportsman among your readers will refrain his assent from the assertion that the pointer exults in the death of game ; observation will have taught him that every sporting dog, from the foxhound to the spaniel and rat-terrier, hunt in the hope of killing the quarry they may find. If any doubt upon the point should exist, it will be dispelled by the practice of a pointer formerly belonging to Mr. Quihampton, residing near Maldon in Essex. This gentleman had frequent visits from cockney fiends, who

Kill'd by chance, and wonder'd at success.

And if one of these terrifiers of partridges missed three or four times successively, no inducement held out by the unlucky wight could make the disgusted pointer hunt, or even stay with him, and away the dog trudged, "on homeward thoughts intent." No whistling or calls could induce him so much as to look back ; and I have been told tales most ludicrous of the effects upon different temperaments of this dogged superciliousness. It was a silent declaration that reasoning had brought conviction to the dog that it was useless for him to tire himself in finding game for such an incompetent.

That pointers do reason I have a further instance from another gentleman, who, shooting in the same vicinity, hit a partridge hard, but the bird crossed a creek of the Maldon bay, and then towering, fell upon one of the little islands or saltans, as they are locally called, left by the tide's receding. This was no uncommon event, but his attention was called to his pointer, who kept his eye intently fixed upon the wounded bird, and never altered his gaze until he had well marked the spot where it fell. He then, unbidden, descended to the water, swam across to the island, found the dead partridge, and returned with it to his master.

London Sportsman for June, 1843.

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#### EXTROARDINARY FEAT.

On the 15th of August, 1792, to decide a wager of £50, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer, of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse (Laborer) ran twenty times round the race-ground (which was exactly one mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

## A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE TROUTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

## THE START.

GLORIOUS, beautiful June! to our mind there is no word in the language so full of melody as that sweet name of *June*. March—April—there is a harshness in the sound of these that seems to speak of blustering winds and chilling showers; but June—June is all softness, all mellowness, a word of flowers, a breathing like that of “the sweet south, upon a bank of violets.” And if the name of June is beautiful, how much more so is its essence—its meadows, its forests, its flowers upon the wild heath, its rivers glistening in the green vallies, its sunshine gladdening the blue heavens; its long days, where you may ramble away into all manner of distant villages and odd unexplored woods on the horizon, without fear of being intercepted on your return by bandit or catarrh; its warm luxurious nights, where you may lie with blankets off and windows open, without danger of cramp in your leg, or rheumatism in your shoulder.

But June is a misused month. May—mind! we have no quarrel with May: on the contrary, it is a very pet month of ours; but what we are going to say is this—May has its feasts and its festivals, its games and its sports, its May garlands, its May dances, its May-queen, its May-day, its May-pole, its Jack-in-the-Green; why should not June have the like? If we thus honor the *promise* of bounty that May offers, should we not equally honor the *fruition* that June brings? But this is like mankind: always agog for something to be gained, listless enough when the fulfilment is enjoyed. Why should not June have its “day” (red-letter or black, I care not which)? why should we not have June garlands (its flowers are finer than those of May)? why not a queen of the June (we know a dozen that would play the character admirably)? why not a pole (the earth has its two poles, why not the year)? why do not climbing boys dance on the first of this month, as well as on the first of *that*? but, the young rascals! we forgot—they have had their punishment—and they richly deserved it—an Act of Parliament has come with its anti-climb-ax, and put an end to their *Rights of Sooty* for ever.

June has its lovers, however; we ourselves are among the warmest of the number. And who that has not a heart of stone, and veins of flint, could resist the sweet influences? A ramble now into the wild world of hill and valley, forest and streamside, what a glorious thing! Every nook and cranny is covered with green; you cannot stick a pin but it penetrates a green leaf. A while ago, there were patches to be seen here and there in the landscape, where the farmer had turned up the brown soil to the



sun ; but none such are visible now ; what Agricola has left bare, Nature has filled in. All is green ; the very milestones and heaps of Macadamized pebbles by the way-side have little crops of fescue, and foxtail, and other grasses growing in their chinks and crannies ; walls, roofs, and chimnies, all are seen waving with some little green bough of their own. Where foliage is naturally to be looked for, as in the woods, the orchards, the hedgerows—there it is found in such upheaped abundance that one wonders how in the world the stems and branches can stand up against the weight of it. The seeming paradox, that “you cannot see wood for trees,” is cleared up now : for I defy you to catch a glimpse of two consecutive inches of timber, unless you lie down on your back, and run your eye up the trunk. The great characteristic of a feast, some one has said, is having *more than enough* : so the great characteristic of a June landscape is the possession of what Charles at Simpson's would call, foliage for three.

If the upper stratum of landscape, the boughs and the branches, are loaded with luxuriance, not less so is the beautiful deposit of flowers and plants below. Supereminent among these—for the old wood is full of them—are the crimson bells of the fox-glove, dappling every bank where the sun comes, and shining out when a ray of light catches them, like so many rubies and carnelions—only ten thousand times more beautiful. Deeper in the forest, for they are of a coyer disposition, are the pretty blue bells of the orchis, so abundant where the situation is shady and moist, that the banks are perfectly blue over with them ; and when seen between the trunks of the trees, with the green underwood beyond and about them, and a ray of sun-light dipping in among them here and there, they make one of the pleasantest pictures that poet, painter, or piscator could wish to look upon. Where the blue bells of the orchis are not, the pale stars of the wood-anemone are sweetly dividing the empire of the banks and slopes with their azure brethren—with them, and that other pretty white star-flower on a slender stem, whose name how am I to give if Mrs. Loudon *will* not publish her book of English wild-flowers for the edification of us poor ignoramuses ?

Out of the wood—out on the heath, that crowns the hill top and runs away over valley and upland as far as eye can reach, is the most glorious exhibition of furze blossoms that mortal florist ever beheld. Luckily ours is no prize show ; we have no premiums allotted to first gorsebush, and second gorsebush ; and happy is it that such awards are not in vogue amongst us, for who could pretend to give judgment on a garden seven miles long ? who could venture to name the winner in a field of twenty thousand acres ? If we have no prizes, however, we have no blanks ; for every step on this beautiful wild heath brings us in good fellowship with some pleasing sight or sound—now a bright flower, bright as heaven, and unseen by all the world except the honey-bees and us—now a merry bird, plover or king-fisher, lark or goldfinch, twittering by as if in astonishment at our intrusion—now a brilliant insect, moth or dragonfly, beetle or butterfly, darting to and fro

across our path, and seemingly taking a pleasure in conducting us through the sinuosities of the heath—now a group of gypsies squatted under a clump of hawthorns (with clothes hanging out to dry overhead, of course)—now a bevy of ling cutters, with their donkies laden to such an upheaped excess, that you can only just catch a glimpse of the tips of their ears—now a knot of little rosy children, wending their way through furze and fern to the village school in the distance, fully persuaded that there is not such a being as Mrs. Birch, their “guv’ness,” in the whole universal world; nor so learned a volume extant, either in the *Index Expurgatorius* or out of it, as *Mavor’s Spelling Book*. Coming up the hedge side, where the plantation is, on the edge of the heath, appears Plush, the squire’s keeper, great in the dignity of green and gold, but greater still in the delegated authority of manorial rights. As the devil will have it, we have just hopped over the gate into the ride as Plush comes in view; not with any malicious intentions against the game, but simply to listen to the nightingales, with which this wood abounds.\* We had some hopes that Gold-and-green would go by without seeing us, but on he comes lib-lobbing up the hill straight to the spot where we stand. Your gamekeeper never hails you at a distance, like a sea-captain or an hotel touter. He always “reserves his fire.” Like a Bengal tiger or a common house spider, he crawls close up to his victim before he attempts any overt act. This being the case, I always take advantage of the circumstance to break first ground; a plan that answers wonderfully well in many cases—giving a man in charge to a policeman, for instance.

“By Jove, keeper, you’ve a prime lot of nightingales here!”  
(*in the blindest imaginable tone.*)

“Do you know this is no public road?”

“Public road! oh, yes!—oh, aye! I’ve known this wood many and many a good year, and remember Sir George planting those fir trees on the slope yonder—and, st! there’s a nightingale! don’t speak!”

“Are you aware—”

“What a delicious warble!”

“Are you aware that you’re liable to fine and imprisonment for trespassing in this here preserve?”

“‘And that low, piping note, sweetest of all,’ as Coleridge has it; how delightful!”

“Perhaps you’d favor me with *your* name. I just wanted to catch some o’ you chaps as breaks all these hedges down.”

“Me break hedges down! Me! I protest—”

“Oh, yes, in course, you’ll all *pertest*: but you’ll have an opportunity of pertesting before the magistrate on Thursday next; so please to give me your right name and address, and then make yourself scarce out of this here plantation as quick as you can.”

Keepers are certainly most intractable brutes.

Cotton-velvet fairly out of sight (with one of Mechi the razor-

\* It is an altogether-cockney notion to suppose that nightingales sing only in the evening. They pipe away all day long when it suits ’em.

strop man's cards in his pocket instead of our own), we again take our fling on the glorious old common. What a view there is from where we now stand! two, four, six, eight, ten churches, all in one sweep of the eye—and as many windmills, working away like semaphores, telegraphing signs of peace and plenty to all the neighborhood—and twice as many farm-houses, lying like nests in the midst of their fields and orchards, and setting one longing every time one looks down upon them, to sell out all the 3's and 3½'s one has in the world, and take the first hundred acres that offer—and, linking all these together in a beautiful band of foliage, our old friends the hedges, where the woodbine, the wild rose, and the hawthorn-blossom contend for mastery, filling the air with fragrance, the eye with delight, and the heart with piety. In the valley yonder, where the brook runs (at which we hope to arrive, in time), there is such a dense mass of green that one feels almost afraid of the earth's giving way under it. Every cow, sheep, an horse in every meadow on either bank looks so fat and lazy that it seems a perfect waste of herbage to let them feed any longer; nay, the cows have carried their idleness to such an extent that they are actually *lying down to eat*.

Nearer home—here under the windmill bank, are the cottages. Yes, "the cottages;" for there are not enough of them yet to be called a village, or even a hamlet. They have neither lawyer nor doctor, post-office nor publican, pound nor pillory. They are too poor to offer a booty to chicanery, too simple to desire to prey upon others. They may well afford to carry on their drama of life "with the part of Hamlet omitted:" the moment they aspire to the dignity of a village, their fate is sealed; the moment their stocks rise, their fortunes must fall. At present they are the most-to-be-envied set of beings on the whole wapentake. Indeed we know nothing more interesting than such a cluster of humanity. It is Adam and Eve in Paradise without their loneliness; it is Noah's Ark, without the excessive cold water applications; it is Robinson Crusoe's island, with a man Friday, and a man Saturday, and Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday to boot. Its inhabitants are less a community than a family; for there is a Cupid of the Windmill Bankites, as there is a Diana of the Ephesians, whose bow carrieth not beyond the precincts of the rurality. Thus, red-cottage goes a-courting to white-cottage, rough-cast keeps company with parget, thatched roof casts sheeps' eyes at tiled-roof, and so on to the end of the chapter. Such a thing as a lover coming awooing into our little Atlantis from any neighboring village or hamlet, I believe, was never heard of in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant—and they all live to be a hundred. I have no doubt that should any such victim of amative-ness venture on any such project, he would be tossed in Dame Gubbins's blanket, or ducked in Gaffor Dobson's horsepond. As we have before hinted, the *liberal professions* have no representatives here, which is no small blessing: for if a man has a little quiet squabble with his neighbor, it is too far to go to a lawyer about it, and so the feud dies a natural death: and again, suppose

a fellow feels himself ill (as the best of us may at one period or other of our existence), by the time he has got to the doctor's, the walk has done him so much good, that he feels himself no longer in want of physic, but walks by the "*Night Bell*," and calls for a jorum of ale at the *Blue Bell* instead. The only public building of our rurality (such we love to call it) is the windmill. We wish every public building in every public place in the land could be shown to dispense as much benefit and originate as little evil as our dusty round-tower. The miller himself is perhaps as near an approach to a public character as is known in the locality; but his pretensions in that line are in fact very humble. He once indeed *did* serve the office of overseer of the roads—only the bye roads though—and on one memorable occasion was delegated by the whole body of Windmill Bankites in common council assembled (at the corner of Dame Wilkins's duck-pond), to remonstrate at a turnpike meeting against the erection of a side-bar at the end of Quagmire Lane; an occasion on which he would no doubt have signally carried the day, if he had not been overawed by the presence of a county magistrate, and outbullied by the opposing tollgate-man. But in fact there are no public characters at "The Bank:" the whole place might be marked, like one's letters to one's mother for money, "strictly private." The very name of Ambition is unknown here, and I'll be bound to say, if you'd ask the first native you met, "Is Ambition to be found among you?" he'd answer, "No, Sir, the gentleman don't live anywhere's hereabout."

Yes, there *is* one little ambition—no, there ain't—you can't call it an ambition—say emulation—yes, that's a prettier word—emulation be it. Our worthy Arcadians have an emulation of outgrowing each other in the flower line—the fine-flower line, as the miller would call it; a strange notion for such an outlandish nook, where you would fancy a thistle was looked upon as a choice nosegay, and a dandelion as a blossom of first-rate respectability. But no; our friends are a flight above *Dens leonis* or *Nemo me impune lacessit*: nothing less than auriculas and polyanthuses, carnations and piccotees, tulips and anemones, dahlias and chrysanthemums (6 to 1 we've spelt it wrong), grandifloras and grandifolias, will serve their turns. The men would rather go without their meals than without their Clarkias: the women would rather sacrifice their peace of mind than their heart's ease. If there ever *is* anything like bickering in the community, it is when some more enterprising individual than the rest brings in some new plant or flower. Then the whole region is in an uproar: the importer immediately finds himself in a glorious minority of one, all the rest being banded against him in an overwhelming eyes-have-it-of-envy: evil eyes are cast upon his annuals; ill luck is imprecated upon his perennials; creepers, standards, pipings, and suckers, are all wished at the bottom of the Red Sea—and that when it is bone-dry, so that not a drop of water may be found to vitalize their roots. I remember when John Hopkins introduced the black hollyhock. *There* was a commotion! The bringing in of the



Sycee Silver from China did not create half the excitement that honest John's importation of the hitherto-unheard-of-and-till-then-not-to-be-believed-in blossom produced. Some thought it had been dyed; others suggested that it had been watered with log-wood; many declared it was "a vegetable monster;" and some even went the length of saying that it was the devil's flower, and heaven forbid it from blooming in *their* garden. In process of time, however, the black hollyhock, struggling from cottage to cottage, was seen flourishing all the way up *The Bank*, and now is as great a favorite among the rustic florists as if Beelzebub had had no claw in its production.

But, odds hooks and flies! we mustn't stop dawdling here, as if we were out merely to kill time, or "taking a walk." By-the-bye, what a perfect perversion of human intelligence is that same "taking a walk!"—moving right leg before left leg from the fourth milestone to the 6th milestone and back again, without even the ordinary pedestrian feat of picking up a stone at every twenty yards, or jumping over a hurdle at every sixty. We consider it one of the proudest things we have to say of ourselves—that we never were guilty of "taking a walk" in the whole course of our life. We have always had some motive for locomotion; we never stept ten paces without an object; in our youth as well as our maturer years; to carry a message, to get a bird's nest, or to rob an orchard. No matter what—whether good, bad, or indifferent—always something. At present it is to catch a fish, to try a sample of oats, or to drive a contraband bargain with a poacher. Sometimes we are impelled by even smaller motives: we have done ten miles out and ten miles in, to pick acorns for a young lady who wanted to grow an avenue of oaks in hyacinth glasses on the mantel shelf, and no longer since than last We'nsday we travelled three leagues on a dusty turnpike road, to hope the pikeman hadn't taken cold in getting up to let us thro' at half-past three o'clock the preceding morning. All this, of course, is put down to our gallantry and philanthropy, but in fact it's nothing more than our hatred of "taking a walk."

Well, of course, we are not taking a walk to-day? Of course not. We are *going a-fishing*.

Whether we shall ever arrive at the stream side is one thing: whether, if we do get there, we shall wet a line or moisten a fly, is another: and whether we shall wind up by winding up a trout or grayling with this patent multiplying-wheeled-winch of ours is a third: none of which are we able to solve at this moment for the contentment of our dear lector and companion. All that we can say is, we are full of malice prepense, and if any one were to ask us what we were going to do, we should decidedly say, to kill a trout. But it is a good mile yet from where we now stand to the stream in the valley yonder, and, as the Irishman says,

There's many a slip  
'Tween the cup and the bottom o' the hill.

We are open to all manner of fascinations: a bird in a bush, a

hive of bees being rung, a child being dragged out of a well, an old cottager sitting out at a gate, a gypsey telling fortunes, a clump of forget-me-nots looking as if they wanted a sonnet written to them, a horse wanting bleeding, an effect of light wanting sketching, a rainbow spanning the immensity of the heavens, a couple of ants lifting a barley-corn over a straw—in short, a thousand and one things may happen to prevent our ever unravelling an inch of horse-hair; but if nothing *does* come to cross us, and we get fairly to the bottom of the hill, we promise the trouts in yonder green meadow that before the day's out we will not leave them—no, not so much as a leg to stand upon.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1843.

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### MY FIRST TIGER.

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To the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine.

THINKING that an account of tiger shooting from michans (platforms), may be interesting to some of your readers, I send you a few extracts from my journal, which, if you deem them worthy, you are at liberty to publish.

The orthodox way of hunting the tiger (generally found in a cover of long grass, about six feet high) is from the backs of elephants, and although many shoot at him as soon as he is seen, the best plan is to drive and to follow him, and when he is blown (which is soon the case) he turns, charges the elephant, and shows stout fight.

In the Mirzapoor district there are none of these grass plains to give cover to the tigers, but they confine their ramblings to small pieces of jungle on the borders of cultivation, from whence they commit their raids on the cows or buffaloes. These patches of jungle are almost always close to rocky hills, about six hundred feet high, which are almost inaccessible to man, and here the tiger, if hunted, immediately takes refuge and is no more seen; the following plan is therefore adopted. When the depredations of a tiger are complained of by the villagers, two or three small buffaloes are tied up to near the place where the tiger is supposed to be, and the chances are, that one is killed during the night. This fact being ascertained, the shikaries (game keepers) reconnoitre, and having decided on the proper way to beat, build michans near the place, where the beast is likely to pass when driven; the tiger, after killing the buffalo, being almost certain to remain near the spot for the next twenty-four hours. These michans, or platforms, are constructed by the buhaliyas, or woodmen, in among the trees, varying according to circumstances from twelve to twenty feet in height. The sportsmen, (dressed in green, the color of the leaves, in order to conceal themselves as much as possible from observa-

tion,) having taken their stations, the parties are placed at the different outlets to turn the tiger, should he attempt to break at any point away from the guns. All being finally arranged, the hawk-wars (beaters) commence driving, shouting, and beating tom-toms. The number of men employed for this purpose varies from twenty or thirty to two or three hundred, according to the extent of the cover. The tiger, frightened by the uproar, comes creeping on, and when he gets within range of one of the platforms, is fired at. The jungle to be beaten is sometimes a mile in length, and when the beaters come very close, the excitement grows intense. The object is always to kill the tiger at once, or he may escape to some of his retreats and baffle every attempt to find him again.

When I killed my first tiger, I was alone; soon after the beaters had commenced, I heard a low sulky growl—my excitement was, as you may suppose, intense. The beaters were gradually approaching, but no appearance of the beast. The buhaliya who was with me declared that he had gone out, when I heard his heavy tread in the nullah over which my michan was fixed; and in a moment afterwards he came in view not twenty yards from me, advancing a step or two with his head up, and looking exactly like an immense cat. I had determined not to fire until he either came close to me or began to sheer off; another step and a bound and he was on the top of the bank. I fired just as he reached it, and with a growl he rolled back again into the nullah. My first ball went to his heart, my second, after he had dropped into the ravine, into his head; I emptied my other two barrels into his chest, and he ceased to move. He was a fine male tiger, and measured twelve feet eight inches in length. On the next day I met the party appointed to assemble, not a little proud of my success, but I experienced even greater delight in the fall of my second, which took place a week afterwards.

This tiger was reported to be very savage, and when the drivers came near him, he gave a roar, and tried to break, but the people placed for that purpose, and pretending to be very busy cutting wood, headed him back, and he came, as was expected, towards the platforms. On arriving at Captain Stewart's station the war began, he gave him a good ball behind the shoulder and turned him; he did not however dare to face the beaters, who made an awful noise with their voices and drums, but returned towards our line of michans, where he got another shot or two, which rolled him over; however, he got up again and went off. We then mounted our elephants, most of which run away when they smell a tiger, and all of them when he charges. By chance I was on the best, and taking Stewart up with me, we followed the tracks of the tiger along the dry bed of the nullah, to a second, where we lost all traces of him. Another elephant went along the opposite side of the stream, to see if he was sneaking along under the bank by which we had come; meanwhile, we retraced our steps, intending to make another cast from the spot where we had last seen blood. We had got about half way back, when we heard the other elephant's trumpet, and the tiger's roar on the other side the stream;

well knowing that their elephant would not face a tiger, we hastened back, and crossed over to the other side, where from the indications of the natives perched on the trees, we could perceive plainly enough the whereabouts of our enemy. On arriving, we found the elephant in a great fright, and the men in the howdah highly disgusted, for whilst they were quietly beating, the tiger charged, and the elephant bolted at the same moment, so that they could not possibly get a shot. We put our elephant into the jungle, and after a short beat, heard a rustling in the brushwood, succeeded by a noise between a bark and a roar, and the tiger rushed at us. We each gave him a ball, which turned him, but our elephant, bad luck to her, turned and ran away in the opposite direction. The mahout at length succeeded in stopping her, but not until she had got into the plain. Having re-loaded we re-entered the jungle. Again the tiger charged us, we both fired, and as he rolled fairly over again, our elephant again turned tail. After about eight charges, in one of which he received a knock down blow, the elephant running away after each charge, she evidently wished to rush in, and kneel on the tiger. This we were very anxious to avoid, lest the howdah, an old fashioned rotten thing, should break, and we be thrown in upon the enemy. The mahout for some time succeeded in restraining her, but at last she got off, and ran down a small ravine in which the tiger was concealed; he bolted, and she followed him as quick as thought. We got a snap shot, when the elephant, frightened at her own boldness, took to her heels once more in the opposite direction, and the tiger, thinking it was now his turn to give chase, followed us out into the plain, gaining on us at every stride. His jaws wide open, his mouth bloody from wounds, his tail on end, and his eyes flaring with rage, formed parts of a picture, the grandeur of which I must fail in describing, but which I shall not fail to remember for many a long day.

When fairly out on the plain, he found himself too weak to make good his charge, and retreated to the nullah, from which he stirred not again alive. He made one more attempt to charge, but his old wounds (those first given, about four hours before) were stiffening, and crippled the movements of his powerful limbs, and going in as close as we could without allowing the elephant to rush in, we gave him two more balls: he moved no more; and a shikarry stealing through the jungle to the high bank of the ravine, pronounced him dead. It was a joyful moment. I had seen a fighting tiger die, and can fancy no excitement but that of the battle field equal to it. The first shot was fired at one o'clock, and we pulled him out dead at a little before six. This is sport well worth the labor: the excitement is very grand. I have the skins of both, and if they are good ones shall send them home. I have been at the death of two or three tigers since, but have seen none so grand, as the one here described—though I have much wished for so gallant an antagonist as the Nowguh tiger. WILDMAN.

*Camp, near Chunar, Jan. 9, 1843.*



## THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FISHING.

YOUR Philosophic Angler is as amusing a rogue as you shall find in a summer day's ramble. He does nothing like another man, but dignifies small things with such great names, and has such a round-about way of telling you that two and two make four, that you begin to doubt within yourself whether Cocker is not wrong in giving so small an amount. He is a great hand at experiments (Bacon, he says, was so before him), and you shall see him, on a mild evening in May, with his head half under water, trying how far he can hear a bell ring or pistol explode beneath the surface of the stream. How he deduces from this, what kind of bait will be most palatable to the fish, is rather more than we can understand—but we are no philosopher. He has constructed an almanac, full of matters concerning fishes, fishing flies, and such-like ; where he makes greater note of the arrival of the Lady Fly than he does of Lady Day, and where Easter comes in with much less *éclat* than the Little March Dun.

The longevity of the finny tribe is a subject about which he has taken great pains (in the head and shoulders particularly). The other day we saw him cutting button-holes in a lot of carps' tails, and then turning them afloat again, "to be re-examined at the end of the next hundred years. Who is to live to such a remote *carpe diem* we did not stay to inquire.

To see our philosopher and Horsebean the miller, is one of the richest things on this side the equinoctial line. Horsebean is a plain, simple, matter-o'-fact fellow, who believes in church, king, constitution, and brooks being made for the express purpose of turning over-shot water-wheels ; and to see the learned pundit trying to instil his dogmas into poor Farina's unsophisticated mind is as good as Eau-de-Cologne itself. The chief point of their disagreement is, that the miller will have it the fishes *breathe water*, which the philosopher utterly denies. In vain does the latter point out the apparatus of gills, especially constructed for supplying the animal with the element "without which we die ;" for, as the miller very naturally (and rather provokingly) observes, "If air's what the fish live upon, why don't they live better on dry land, *where there's plenty of it*?" To this the philosopher has no reply ready, (which is a pity,) but generally falls back upon ichthyological acoustics, another very favorite subject of his. Here, however, he has not much better luck than before ; for, when he has gone thro' a long rigmarole about *membrana tympani* and goodness knows what besides, to which Horsebean offers no particular objection, for the simple reason that he does not understand a word about it—when he has done all this, I say, and begins to lay down in plain English that "fishes have ears," the miller fairly loses all patience and all respect for his character, bursts into a violent guffaw, and declares that "whether fishes have got ears or not,

donkeys have—and pretty long 'uns too ;" on which Doctissimus tells him, that's an *argumentum ad hominem*, when Horsebean tells him "he's another," and so the two disputants go each on his way, and the discussion (like many another) remains just where it was.

Another favorite doctrine of our Philosopher, with which he loves to flabbergaster us poor unsophisticated simpletonies, is, that fishes have little or no feeling—a proposition that might be enunciated with rather more propriety against fishermen than the fishes themselves. He undertakes, however, to prove his dogma by a regular sillygism (we beg pardon, syllogism—these steel pens are so very horrid for spelling Greek); and this is the way he does it: fishes, he says, are cold-blooded animals; men are hot: hot blood is the opposite of cold blood; *therefore*, men feel pain when they are stuck thro' with a sharp piece of steel, (Lovell's New Pattern Rifle Sword Bayonet, for instance,) but fishes like it. This, in the language of the schools, is called *ergo sequitur*—in the language of the scholars, it is called an out-and-out flam.

Our hero (for, though we are too delicate to mention names, we have a particular hero in view all the while) is of course above following the sport according to the old-fashioned rules; indeed, he has a thorough contempt for Izaak Walton, and looks upon *The Complete Angler* as little more respectable than one of Mother Bunch's fairy tales.

All new-fangled notions are his delight, and he himself has originated many. For instance, he shows you a collection of what you would take for the fingers of a lot of old gloves—when *puff!* pull the string, and you have his newly-invented Macintosh float. Then there's his mathematical plan of weighing fish: take the depth of the water in inches, the height of the thermometer in degrees, multiply them together, divide by the day of the month, substract 4 29-20ths for the variation of the compass, and there you have it. We won't be quite sure that we have quoted the exact words, (for we are shocking bad mathematicians,) but it's near enough for commercial purposes.

Again: it is well known that fish will bite capitally after a shower of rain. On this interesting fishiological fact, our Socrates has engrafted a most ingenious artifice—that of simulating a shower of rain, previous to his commencing operations, by means of a Dutch pump. It was he too who invented the now-well-known device, of oaks-ing the fish, by having a dress made of bark, so as to give him the appearance of an old tree standing thinking of nothing by the water side. He exhibited himself with great pride in this costume for some time, till one day an unfortunate rook came and perched upon one of his branches, when two boys tending corn in the next field with a horse-pistol, let fly at the rook and lodged two-penn'orth of shot in his trunk; which naturally made him swear a good deal at the lads, and determine to be a blasted oak no longer.

Our philosopher is a great entomologist, among the rest of his accomplishments, and when he is out in the fields collecting speci-

mens to make his artificial flies by, the country yokels, who see him at a distance, apparently running after nothing, and throwing his arms and legs into all manner of queer contortions, set him down as a regular madman, or at least some superannuated old fellow in a state of second childishness.

The honest farmers who fall in with him on these occasions are not much less surprised, to see a man of such reputed wisdom dodging beetles about by the hour together; and when he tells them in great glee that he has taken a most magnificent specimen of the *Staphylinida Hookeywalkeriana*, and then shows them a nasty little "creeping thing," about the size of a pin's head, don't they open the eyes of astonishment and scratch the head of mystification! These long names are in especial favor with our Aristotle; and even we ourselves have sometimes been puzzled by their learnedness: for who the deuce would think, when told of the capture of a brace of *gasterosteus trachurus*, that the fellow had caught a couple of sticklebacks! or, on being desired to look into the basket at those fine specimens of *gobio fluviatilis*, would expect to find only a huddle of gudgeons! By the same token, when he began to talk of his *salmo ferrox*, we naturally enough looked for a "ferocious salmon" or something of that sort, but were put off with a pitiful dish of miserable trout.

Our Pliny-the-elder has of course a plan of fishing peculiar to himself: he acts from the metaphysical principles of things, and looks upon all the practices of Walton and his compeers as at best but a kind of blind hookey. It so happens, however, that in spite of his sagacity, the little boy on the other side of the river bags more game with his twopenny line and fourteenpenny rod, then he with all his philosophical devices and complicated paraphernalia. But, as he says, principles *are* principles: what's true in the abstract nature of things cannot be false when applied to the test of tangible existencies: there is no rule without an exception: the exception *forms* the rule: the boy, in this case, is the exception; *he* is the rule: in all which, no doubt, the weight of the argument is in favor of the sage, but the weight of the fish is in favor of the lad; or in other words, the youngster shows most jack and the philosopher most soul.

We once, and *only* once, accompanied our hero on a piscatorial expedition. He had promised to provide all necessaries, and we of course trusted everything to him. Fishing, as everybody knows, is the hungriest thing in the world; and our appetite, to use a histrionic phrase, was quite in the style of keen.

"Come then," said Xenophones, "we'll sit down under this beech tree (we both, of course, quoted *Tityre tu patulæ recubans*, &c. *passim*) and have a little refreshment."

*Little refreshment* he might well call it! I never tasted such a meal in my life. I'm no epicure—not I—but really! However, I'll say nothing—but the man who invented that portable kitchen shutting up in a kaleidoscope case, with spirits for fuel instead of Wall's End, deserves to be confined to the bottom of a coal-pit for the rest of his unnatural life. A good appetite is not to be had

every day, and when a man's heart is set upon a nice pigeon pie, to be put off with portable soup flavored with naphtha is no joke, I can tell you. The drinking was about a match to the eating: we had scarcely bolted down half a dozen spoonfuls of the *potage à la naphtha*, when old Wigsby pulled out another kaleidoscope..

"You like water? *aqua sana, vinum naturæ*, as Virgil calls it?"

"Why, to say I like it—that is—considering—I mean—as Virgil says—considered as a healthful beverage—oh, of course I like it." (Of course I *hate* it.)

"I thought you did: I knew you would: as Horace remarks, *Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est*: (the old fellow knows I've forgotten all my Latin, and I fancy quotes a good deal at haphazard with me :) but you don't know what water is at present: (no, nor I "don't want to," as a cockney would say :) not till you've tried it thro' my newly-invented portable hydropercolator." And with that, our Pythagoras goes to the nearest ditch, stirs up the mud with the staff of his landing-net, and brings forth such a sample of water as one only sees in filtering-machine shops and hydro-oxygen microscopes.

"You see that?"

"I do (and beastly stuff it is—to *myself*.)"

"Now this is a most beautiful experiment; an experiment that will delight you as a philosopher. An ignoramus would be disgusted at it; but you—

"Oh! pardon me—"

"You will be delighted; and after you've tasted it—"

"You said *after*, old fellow (*to myself*)—"

"After it has passed through my Portable Hydropercolator, and I have discharged it of all that mud, and clay, and toad spawn, and decomposed vegetable matter, and noxious gases stirred up out of the mud, and such-like matters, you shall say, sir, that you never tasted a more delicious beverage in the whole course of your existence. As Virgil beautifully remarks, 'Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!'"

(*Five minutes elapse.*)

"There! now what do you say?"

"By Jove!"

"Aye, you may well say, by Jove. But did you ever see such water in your life? Talk of your nectar! But taste it: take the glass: drink it all: never mind me: I can make some more."

"Oh! I couldn't think—after you—I can wait."

"No, no: you're the guest: I'll wait."

"Why, the fact is, I never drink till I've done eating; it's most wholesome, you know."

"Yes, but you *have* done eating—this quarter of an hour ago—if you can call that eating, which is not enough to make a meal for a sparrow."

"Besides, cold water never agrees with me: I am rather subject to spasmodic affections, and cold water—"



"Oh! don't mention it! I can fit you to a T. This it is to be a philosopher (*smiling*.) Two minutes over the naphtha—"

This was a settler. My stomach, already nauseated with the idea of toads, mud, duckweed, dead rats, and foul air in agglomeration, could not stand the additional disgust of the burnt naphtha, so turning away from our Xenophanes, &c. &c. &c.

"Aye, aye," said he (and they were the last words I heard him utter) "the exertion has been too much for you. As Ovid eloquently observes, 'Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.'"

The COCKNEY ANGLER is a prime sample of the genus. His motives for pursuing the pastime are chiefly two: his love of "hair and hexercise," and his desire that he should be looked upon in his neighborhood (Little St. Thomas Apostle) as an inveterate sportsman. His principal scenes of action are the Docks and the neighbourhood of Richmond; though sometimes, through the intercession of a friend in the Ordnance, he gets a day at Enfield or Waltham Abbey. These latter occasions, however, are rare; and he does not much regret the circumstance; for the distance from town is so great, that he cannot very well get home again before dark, by which means he loses one of the chief pleasures of the excursion, viz., the being seen to return through the regions of Little Saint Thomas Apostle in his sporting toggery. The Docks, as we said before, is his favorite *locus in quo*; and commonly, to assure himself of a pleasant day in one shape or other, he provides himself with a tasting order, for, as he facetiously (and very frequently) remarks, when you're "at sea," in the fishing line, there's nothing like making for the Port of London.

We have said that our hero makes a great point of astonishing the natives in his locality. To this end he decks himself out in all the piscatory fizzes he can muster together, and carries over his shoulder, under his arm, round his waist, and in the innumerable pockets of his Doudney, as many rods, landing nets, creels, flybooks, multiplying-reels, spare tops, bait-cans, and the rest, as would set up any moderately-sized fishing-tackle establishment between this and the Land's End. When he arrives at the docks in his wading boots—which he does in a stand-up carriage of the Blackwall Railway, for the reason that said wading boots will not permit him to sit down, or, as he calls it, "set himself down"—when he thus arrives at the West India Docks, you may fancy that, standing as he does high and dry on the jetty, under cover of the great crane, he is an object of no little wonderment to the jack tars, landing waiters, tobacco merchants, carters, coopers, dock laborers, and others frequenting those busy premises, some of whom even go the length of asking him "vot he'll take for his pumps," or "vether he's got any smuggled goods in his ankle jacks;" others recommend him to go down into the vaults, where they assure him he'll find plenty of cock-roaches; and one of the dock clerks, an inveterate punster, catching a glimpse of him when in a state of locomotion with all his hooks about him, declares himself to be "blow'd if it ain't Hookey Walker." When he catches a fish, which is about as often as the (Hickory Dickory) Dock clock strikes the hour, he is in a great

state of flustration, and calls to the man in the boat to keep back and leave off getting the Indiaman under weigh till he has landed his gudgeon.

If he has had good sport, towards the end of the day he gets so elated that he cannot resist putting his tasting order into execution ; and tasting orders on an empty stomach, with the addition of an open-air train to London Street, and a ditto promenade to Little St. Thomas Apostle, are not the things to make a man in wading boots, hung about with belts and nets, pass in strict incognito through the thoroughfares of the metropolis. The result is that our gentle piscator either gets into a row with the police, and spends his night in the station-house, or gathers about his heels such a troop of little ragged urchins in his own neighborhood, that he seems rather to have got into Lad Lane than Little St. Thomas Apostle.

For the most part, however, our Dock fisherman takes nothing by his motion but the appetite it gives him, and in that case he is not in good spirits enough to descend among the sawdust, but goes straight home *viâ* Billingsgate and purchases a good day's sport from the market folks. Our readers, we believe, have heard of Jonathan Crane ; they may have forgotten him, for he lived in the day of Jorrocks, and Nim South, and the Yorkshireman, and the rest (our Magazine is really growing very old !)—but in fine, they *must* have heard of him. Jonathan was a great Docks-ologist, and his "Commercial" experience was very extensive. Jonathan's wife, like Mrs. Jorrocks, was very jealous ; nay, she carried her green-eyed monstrosity to much greater lengths than that respected lady. She even went the length of searching her hubby's pockets for stray billets-doux and cards that were not honors ; and they *do* say, actually bribed the policemen all the way between the mansion and his "place of business," to give the earliest intelligence of any little gallantries that might take place during the transit from the one spot to the other. Poor Jonathan ! one day he had been pursuing his contemplative recreation at the West India Import Dock, without being able to *import* anything into his new fourteen-and-sixpenny pannier, and on his return had made some purchases at Mr. Lucy's well-known fish shop at the corner of Darkhouse Lane, Billingsgate. So far, so good : but, as the devil would have it, some fortnight or three weeks afterwards, Mrs. Jonathan took it into her head to search dear hubby's pockets, and there, in a neat female hand on a highly glazed card, she read these horrifying words :—

Lucy

Darkhouse Lane

"Oh, oh ! Miss Lucy !" cried the utterly-taken-aback Mrs. Jona-

than Crane; "Oh, oh, *Madam!*"—and *didn't* she lay an emphasis on the "*Madam!*" "this is the way I'm used, is it? Jonathan!!—do you hear?—you brute! come here and let me tear your eyes out."

With this pleasing invitation, Jonathan arrived. "There!" resumed his lady, thrusting the distressing card into his hand, "deny *that* if you can (another emphasis upon the "*that*") hope your dear *Lucy* is well, and that the air of *Darkhouse Lane* agrees with her." *Darkhouse Lane*, to be sure, is a cut-throat-sounding name, to a person unaccustomed to associate it with barrelled oysters and Yarmouth bloaters, and Mrs. J. C. might well be excused taking alarm at such a concatenation of appellations. It never rains but it pours, either in meteorology or "physiology," and as Beelzebub again would have it, poor Jonathan had as completely forgotten the all-about-it of the card as if he had never clapt eyes upon it before. As for *Darkhouse Lane*, he knew nothing at all about that, nor of the name of *Lucy* either; for both were known to him only as the fishmonger at the corner of Billingsgate. Here was then no clue, and Crane was in a dead lock. "Who is this *Lucy*?" exclaimed the indignant wife: but Jonathan could not e-*Lucy*-date. "Who is she? who is this *madam*?" repeated the lady. And echo answered "Who?" To make short of a long tale, the offended spouse went into a succession of hysterics, wrote to her mother, took to her bed, called in at Doctors' Commons, introduced the silent system at breakfast, had the best bed made up, wasn't at home to Jonathan's visitors, became subject to palpitations at the heart, in short, was bringing things to a most heart-rending crisis, when Jonathan, standing talking one day with a friend at the Coal Exchange, happened to cast his eye across the street, and there, to his immense surprise and delight, he saw written up "*Darkhouse Lane*," and underneath, the words "*Lucy, Fishmonger: The trade supplied.*" Jonathan immediately countermanded the order for coals, rushed over to *Lucy's*, bought one of his biggest salmon, a keg of Yarmouth bloaters, and a double barrel of oysters, begged one of his *printed* cards, called a cab, dashed off to his *dulce domum*, enunciated a rapid *éclaircissement*, rushed into his beloved Belinda's arms, felt he didn't know how, set Belinda a-crying, cried himself, told the lad that came bolting into the room with the dinner-tray to go to the devil, and all ended happily.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.

## B L O O D - L E T T I N G , AS A REMEDY FOR THE DISEASES OF THE HORSE, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

BY HUGH FERGUSON. LONGMANS, LONDON: CURRY AND CO., DUBLIN.

PROBABLY ON account of some secret sympathy between cause and effect, diseases and their remedies are epidemic. Some years ago, when the cholera was giving the blues to society in general, and to large towns in particular, as many specifics were announced for it as would have turned Cape Coast Castle into a temple for Hygeia. Just now hippopathology is all the rage; horse leeches and farriers have evanished from the face of the earth: the act of putting a twitch on the nose of a Smithfield sixteen and sixpenny confers the title of veterinarian; and Giles Jolter, while the village professor is subjecting Dobbin to the process of "arterial and venous depletion," mutters to himself, in the language of Peter Pindar's ostler—

" Until this blessed day  
I thought a hoss was bled in that e'en way."

We mean, however, anything herein seemingly urged to the contrary notwithstanding, no disrespect to the gentlemen who so philanthropically, or, more properly to speak, philhippohically, employ themselves. Our only cause for regret, when we see tome after tome issuing from the press, with recipes for every ill that horseflesh is heir to, is, unless your groom were to eschew the operative department of his stable, and consume the midnight oil in study, that he never could read a tittle of them. That this difficulty may be partially provided for, we are in the habit of extracting from every veterinary work as it appears, such portions as seem to us the most generally applicable, and if gentlemen do not "buy our book," and put it into the hands of their servants, the fault is not ours. We proceed to treat the volume before us in the same way, first bearing testimony to the very masterly manner in which the author has taken up his subject, recording our opinion of his fitness to do service to the cause in which he has embarked; in the words of the proverb—"You mustn't stop *there*, Mr. Ferguson."

*Topical Bleeding—Cupping—Leeches—Impropriety of the general practice of Bleeding from the toe of the Horse.*

The local abstraction of blood from the seat of disease, or from those vessels as near it as possible, has been termed "topical bleeding," in contra-distinction to "general blood-letting," or the detraction of blood from those vessels near the central pump of the circulation, or any others of sufficient magnitude to enable a general impression to be produced on the system by their puncture. The value of topical bleeding is not as yet sufficiently ap-



preciated by veterinary surgeons. Where there is local inflammatory action of an acute character, the relief obtained by the detraction of a small quantity of the blood circulating throughout the part by bleeding from some of the numerous vessels permeating it, or in the immediate vicinity, is considerably more than that produced by the loss of ten times as much when the jugular vein is selected for the purpose. This difference between the effects of general and topical blood-letting is very remarkable in inflammation resulting from accident, whether the seat of it be muscular, ligamentous, tendinous, or articular. Cupping and leeches may be regarded as the principal and best means of topical bleeding. Opening with a lancet the small veins coming from the inflamed part, dividing the arteries going to it, or scarifying, are the means often had recourse to. Leeches, when the surface is properly prepared for them, are extremely valuable in articular inflammation. It, however, requires that the patient should be one of considerable value to justify the use of leeches, the expense of purchasing so great a number as is generally required being very great.

In cases of acute pleurisy, cupping on the sides is a most valuable adjunct to general blood-letting. Cupping is particularly applicable to muscular injuries. I frequently have recourse to this mode of extracting blood in injuries of the hip-joint, muscles of the thigh and haunch, and also in that muscular lesion called "*l'ecarte*." In those cases of derangement which I have described as "sympathetic irritation," local or topical bleeding will be found very beneficial. Local bleeding is sometimes found necessary in cases of extraordinary reaction from general depletion where the head is much affected. In topical blood-letting the incision or puncture should, if possible, be made in such a manner as not to interfere with the inflamed part being placed by the animal in a state of quiescence.

It appears extraordinary that any person of reflection could reconcile the propriety of bleeding horses in the toe, when affected with a disease situated at the back part of the foot, which is certainly the case in the navicular disease. Here, by bleeding at the toe, the animal is obliged, from the soreness of the wound, to throw additional weight on the heel before the loss of blood can have time to reduce the inflammation; the increasing of which, from the navicular bone being brought into such sudden action, far more than counterbalances the effect of the blood-letting. I am well aware that the majority of veterinarians recommend bleeding at the toe for navicular disease; but this treatment, being so general, by no means diminishes the absurdity of such an irrational practice. In cases of laminitis, bleeding from the toe is still more reprehensible than in the navicular disease, it being a frequent cause of the animal's losing his hoofs, and oftentimes his life.

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*Impropriety, as a general practice, of blood-letting, to prevent the accession of inflammation, or as a preventive measure against its recurrence—Concussion—Fractures—Distinctions necessary to be made between general and reparative inflammation.*

Blood-letting is strenuously advocated by a great number of

veterinarians and practitioners of human medicine as a preventive measure against the setting in of primary inflammation, or its recurrence when it has been once successfully subdued. It is possible that the loss of blood may, in some instances, prevent the accession of inflammation; but, taken in the light of general practice, it is reprehensible. Where bleeding is had recourse to as a precaution against the accession of inflammatory action, it is generally in consequence of serious accidents. A horse, while out with hounds, or running a steeple-chase, gets a severe fall or stake; the owner bleeds him immediately, without considering that as yet there is no accession of inflammation. The consequence of which is, that, if the accidental lesion be of that serious nature which will decidedly induce inflammation as a reparative process, the blood which was drawn from the animal immediately on the occurrence of the accident has no other effect but that of diminishing the vital powers, and rendering his system more subject, from its weakened state, to the effects of sympathetic irritation, or generally increased vascular action, constituting inflammation.

In all cases of concussion, bleeding, before some reaction takes place, is most injudicious, especially if the part affected be the brain. The principle also relates to fractures, and indeed all breaches of continuity. If, however, there is an accession of inflammation sufficiently great to produce vascular action with augmented tolerance, then bleeding is indicated; but distinctions ought to be made between cases of general inflammation and those where, although there is general derangement, it is merely consequent upon local reparative inflammation, which, although it augments the degree of tolerance, cannot itself be removed by general depletion.

The distinction, in some instances, is a matter of great nicety. The inflammation from a fracture will cause much constitutional derangement. We, however, should not dream of being able to subdue entirely the local inflammation resulting from the lesion by constitutional blood-letting; neither would it be desirable to do so.

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*Periodical blood-letting, and its injurious consequences.*

From time immemorial it has been the habit of those connected with horses to advise the practice of periodical blood-letting at certain seasons of the year, and also under certain circumstances, as a means of either ensuring a continuance of health to the animal, preparing him for training, or as an indispensable precaution before either turning him to grass or taking him into the stable. Such a system is neither admissible by any known principle nor by any recognised medical practice relating to the animal economy. Unfortunately, the injurious consequences of bleeding horses periodically is but a remote effect. From the system being inured to it by habit, periodical blood-letting becomes at last indispensable as a sanatory measure.

This fact has been the means of giving the advocates of periodical blood-letting a rather strong argument in its favor. If an

animal, accustomed to have a quantity of blood taken from him twice or three times a year at certain periods, is, from some accidental circumstance, neglected to be bled at the usual time, plethora will be the consequence, nature having provided for the repetition of the blood-letting; which, not being performed, the animal becomes indisposed. The groom attributes the indisposition to the fact of his not being permitted to bleed when he deemed it advisable to do so; and therefore states his opinion rather consequentially to the master, who, perhaps, has been the means of not allowing his horse to be bled, but who now readily gives his sanction to the operation. The animal is then bled, and recovers, the groom demanding, with the most self-satisfied air imaginable, if *he* was not right, and the master wrong. The latter assents, thinks he has got an amazing treasure in the shape of a most intelligent groom, and the periodical bleedings go on as usual.

There are few grooms who do not boast of putting their masters' horses through their "three doses of physic," and bleeding them besides, and all "without the advice of any d——d vet."

The absurdity of taking away the nutrient fluid from an animal to put him in condition for hard work, or to prepare him for grass or for the stable, must appear obvious to every man of enlightened mind who gives the matter anything like consideration and reflection. It is quite time enough to extract blood when it is absolutely necessary to do so from the presence of inflammatory disease. Taking it away from the system under other circumstances is worse than useless. Although, generally speaking, it may not produce any other immediate consequence than debility, from which the animal rapidly recovers, yet, when blood-letting becomes really indicated by the accession of inflammation, the effects of the measure, as a curative means, are greatly diminished by its having been so frequently had recourse to when the same animal was in a state of perfect convalescence.

London Sporting Review for June, 1843.

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## HOW TO KEEP UP A GOOD BREED OF DOGS FOR THE GUN.

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BY AN A. M. OF CAMBRIDGE.

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A good breed can only be kept up by judicious crossing, for, as every sportsman knows, what is technically called "breeding in and in" invariably degenerates, and, of course, it is of prime importance to select for a cross the best animal that can be procured. But particular attention should also be paid to the temper, and disposition, and make of the respective dogs to be bred from. If

the dog or bitch is of a shy temper, or timid, the cross must be of an opposite disposition, and *vice versâ* if headstrong. In like manner, if clumsy or sluggish, the cross must be the very reverse. In short, whatever is faulty in the one, it must be the endeavor to correct by judicious crossing with the other; and thus, I believe, it is in any one's power to cross even an inferior breed, *in time*, into a first-rate one.

But there are several points to be attended to, especially in breeding dogs for the gun, which can only be discovered by experience. In the first place, a good bitch does not always throw good puppies. More time than enough is often wasted with a favorite, in the vain hope that her progeny will turn out like herself, and, with another cross, that the breed may be improved. I know well what a bore it is to rear litter after litter, only to be destroyed the next shooting season; I would, therefore, advise any sportsman, if he has been careful in the selection of his cross, not to breed from a bitch a second time, however good she may be herself, whose puppies have disappointed him; but if lucky enough to have one which has proved a good breeder, to keep to her, and to her sort.

Too much attention is generally paid to speed. Even in breeding fox-hounds, I cannot go in with the old saw, that—

“————— nose and *pace*  
Are the twin sisters of the chase.”

Beyond a certain speed the scenting powers can never be in full operation; hence, rather than from any deficiency of nose, in most packs, the constant checks, and incessant demands on the skill of the huntsman. But with dogs, whose duty it is not to chase, but to find game, it stands to reason that too much speed is anything but an advantage. *Hunt*, in this case, must be the object of the breeder; a very different thing from, though often confounded with, *speed*. Going along at an easy pace without *sprattle* seeking all the likely ground, cautiously pausing round the hillocks, with nostrils in full exercise sniffing the breeze;—that's the dog for me—breed from it.

I need scarcely remind the sportsman that it is essential to know the pedigree of a dog before breeding from it. I would here, however, make a distinction between *ill-breeding* and *cross-breeding*. A dog may be a mongrel, though not ill-bred. Indeed, all our best breeds were originally mongrels. As an invariable rule, I should say, the breed of the smooth pointer should be kept pure, for I know of no other breed that is crossed to advantage with it. As a general rule I should be inclined to make the same remark of the setter, for it is only in this way that the breed can become more defined, which, at present, it scarcely is. The spaniel, terrier, and water-dog, may all be crossed indiscriminately, to great advantage, for different purposes. For instance, if you cross a spaniel with a terrier, you have a capital covert dog, when you require more perseverance on the track than most spaniels have, as in driving rabbits out of thick furze or whin, when



they are apt to dodge round and round without breaking away. The cross between the water-dog and terrier, and you may add a dash of the spaniel, will make the best possible retriever for *winged game*. Hares are generally too heavy for them. It is generally supposed that the best whelps are bred from a young dog, out of an old bitch. It may be so, but one of the healthiest litters I ever reared was got by a dog ten or eleven years old, and out of a bitch three years old, thus just reversing the common opinion. It is also thought that the young of a staid old couple are more tractable, or have less *flash* in them, than the progeny of more youthful blood. It might be as well to keep this in view in breeding retrievers, but, for my part, if a dog is arrived at full maturity, and is perfectly sound in constitution, I give myself little concern about the age.

A dog generally takes after the mother in shape and disposition, but after the father in *size* and *color*. There is no doubt that the force of imagination, in the gestatory process, has a prodigious influence even over the brute creation. We know that the patriarch, Jacob, made ring-streaked and speckled cattle by placing white rods before them during the time of conception. And we read of judicious breeders having a mare covered by a stallion celebrated for speed and strength, and placing before her during the time of conception, a horse famous for color and beauty, and the issue, we are told, has been a foal inheriting the qualities of the sire, with the beauty of the other horse. I have also heard of mares producing all their foals resembling in color a favorite stallion,\* though covered by all sorts of horses. It is only in this way, I believe, that we can account for the breed of white pheasants. They are evidently not a distinct breed, like the silver pheasant, and it is also evident, from their conformation, that they are not a cross with the barn-door fowl. It appears, therefore, most probable that the pheasant-hen, during the period of incubation, or, rather, the impregnation of the egg, has had frequently before her some magnificent *white* lord of the dunghill, from whom the breed have taken their color.

But the subject is probably of more interest to the naturalist than of importance to the breeder. In this way, I believe, we may account for the diversities of colors in tame animals, which, in their natural wild state, invariably retain the same, though most naturalists ascribe the change to the manner of living, the luxury of shelter, and the variety of food. The wild duck, the wild goose, the wild cat, the wild hog, wild cattle, and the dog,† proba-

\* I know it is denied by some who are called naturalists, Buffon, I believe, for one, that there is such a thing as favoritism among the brute creation. But I think it is not only true of Brutes, but even the feathered tribe, I believe, have preferences and favorites among their own species. When two animals are kept alone together, that is not so much to be wondered at, as all animals are at first jealous of an intruder. But I have seen, among a kennelful of dogs, a bitch take a fancy to one in particular, and, when in case, would not allow another to touch her; and, what is more extraordinary, they generally show their taste by selecting the handsomest dog in the kennel.

† There are properly, now, no really wild dogs in existence; for those that have become so, and multiplied in the island of Juan Fernandez, and in the mountains of St. Domingo, or which infest the wilds of America, or the interior of Southern Africa, or are encouraged in the neighborhood of Grand Cairo for the purpose of helping the vultures to eat up the offal that is thrown out, which would otherwise putrify and become a pesti-

bly, in its wild state, never vary in color, but in their domestic state you will scarcely find two alike. Now, is it not a much more probable hypothesis, in accounting for the fact, to suppose that animals are more engrossed with their own species in their wild state, and are less likely to have their attention attracted, during the time of conception, by any other animal? It is well known that domestic animals are much more faithless to their species than wild ones, hence the quantity of mules amongst them; also that they frequently form extraordinary attachments to animals of another species, which they may have been in the habit of living with. A horse has been known to refuse its food when it missed the cat that had been in the habit of purring on its back; and the cat to pine when it missed the jay with which it had often shared its collop. Such strange friendships are, no doubt, singular; but it sufficiently shows that animals, when domesticated together, do form strong attachments, which, in a wild state, they would not have done. These attachments may not be carried to the same romantic degree as in the case of poor puss and the jay, but still, I believe, where animals are constantly in the habit of meeting or living together, that they do, in a greater or less degree, get attached to one another. If, therefore, the influence of the imagination on the gestatory process be admitted—and I can see no reason whatever to doubt the fact, based, as it is, on the authority of holy writ—I think it sufficiently accounts for the varieties of colors in domestic animals, on the principle that they may have had frequently before them, during the time of conception, animals of another species, to which they are to a certain extent attached.

But to return from this digression:—I remarked that puppies generally take after the father in size as well as colour. This is of importance to be attended to, if you wish to increase the size of your breed, as in certain crosses, for instance, between the water-dog and terrier for a retriever. If you breed from a terrier dog, and a bitch of the other kind, you will probably find the breed too small for your purpose; but reverse it, and you will find their size increased. You must be cautious, however, not to have too large a dog for the bitch, or she may suffer in the delivery. Poulterers are quite aware of this fact in breeding poultry. The tread of a bantam-cock on a large-sized hen will tend to produce a small-sized egg, the chick of which will rather resemble the male bird; whereas that of a large dunghill cock on a bantam-hen, the reverse will be the case. A bitch generally becomes "proud" twice in the year, but frequently not more than once, and I have known an old bitch not to come in case for several years. There seems no periodical season for them as with all wild animals, and I believe tame ones too, with scarcely an exception, which is probably occasioned by their habits and manner of living. They are a week coming in case, before they will admit the dog; a week in case; and a week

lence, are of tame origin, were originally brought there by Europeans, and are easily reclaimed from their predatory habits. All these are of different colors, but I can see no reason to suppose that, in its original wild state, the dog differs from other wild animals in this respect.

before they are quite out of case. The dog should be put to the bitch just before going out of case, or a day or two after she will admit him, and not shut up with her, as is generally done, for nights together, but brought toward her occasionally, and I should say twice or thrice is quite enough. By not having the bitch warded too soon after coming in case, she becomes thoroughly ripe (if I may be allowed the expression), of course more freely admits the advances of the dog, and is, consequently, in a more fit state for impregnation. Also, if the dog is shut up constantly with the bitch, you are more likely to have a puny or delicate progeny, and it can be attended with no advantage whatsoever. There are no instances, I believe, of superfœtation in bitches, as with some animals, such as hares and rabbits, but there is no question that they are repeatedly impregnated during the time they are in season, as is clearly seen if they happen to be warded by different dogs. A cow, on the contrary, will not admit the bull when once she is impregnated, though she has several receptacles for the fœtus; and, what is more extraordinary, the bull, if suffered to approach near enough to ascertain the fact, will not attempt to cover her, though she must be still in season.

If, therefore, it is quite sufficient to have a bitch warded a few times, why run the risk of having a degenerate progeny by shutting her up with a dog for a week?

A litter of puppies should always be taken off a young bitch, even if you mean to drown them all: the first litter is seldom so good; and I have known a *soft* bitch to improve amazingly in her hunt after being bred from, and it is sure to remove any bad humors that might be about her, and to improve her general health. A terrier, also, that seemed to be deficient in pluck, will often become as savage as you could wish after being bred from.

When the puppies are taken from the mother, her teats should be rubbed with vinegar, or brandy and water, and she should get two doses of the usual allowance of jalap and syrup of buckthorn. There is naturally a tendency to constipation in all animals after suckling, which, in dogs, is often increased by mistaken treatment. The bitch is, very properly, allowed to run at large, but, to prevent her gorging herself with any trash that may be in her way, a constant supply of meat is left beside her. This has just the opposite effect from that which was intended, for she disorders her stomach by over-eating, and then runs to every sort of nastiness to satisfy the morbid craving created thereby: in place of which, she should be fed twice a day, and get only as much as is good for her, but certainly no meat should be left beside her.

The practice of spaying bitches is, I believe, confined to the chase, so I will leave masters of hounds to determine what are the advantages to be derived from doing so. But as regards dogs for the gun, the effect of mutilating them by any such absurd operation is undoubtedly to lessen their hunt, and to make them more lazy and sluggish. If you do not wish to perpetuate a breed, it is a very simple matter to shut the bitch up for ten days, and, if in the shooting season, you need not be deprived of her use for a single

day. If you have not another bitch to hunt with her, she may be coupled to a dog, with *short* couples, and taken to and from the shooting ground with perfect safety, and when hunting, the dog, if a keen hunter, will never trouble or molest her.

London Sporting Review for July, 1843.

### ASCOT HEATH RACES, 1843.

ASCOT!—The charm which graced thy name is broken! Thou art no longer the race-course of a court!—thy royal patent of precedence hath passed away! Foul weather, and the lack of courtly favor, have abolished thy prerogative!

Now this exordium apostrophical, be it understood, is no fine writing to my own taste, but merely a humble flight of rhapsodizing, after the manner of some inflated folks, who, apeing the frog in the fable in our daily vehicles of news, and hiding the rags of ignorance beneath the fine clothing of showy words, spout somewhat in this fashion to declare that the Ascot week was wet, and the court wanting.

Well, so be it. Of a truth umbrellas were at a premium, and hurrahs at a discount; but what of that? The attendance was as good, and the racing better than ever.

The first day, as cold, and wet, and cheerless, and miserable, and draggetailed as one as ever mortal shivered under, brought seven races. And the results of one and all of these were manifestly influenced by the deep state of the course.

The first race of the first day brought out the winner of the Oaks again a winner, and again, to the surprise of her owner. The other starters were—Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Oliver's Grace Darling, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Gardnor's Monops, 6 yrs. old; Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, 6 yrs. old; Lord Chesterfield's Dil-bar, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Dilly's Temerity, 3 yrs. old; Lord Exeter's Wee Pet, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, 4 yrs. old; General Yates's Canton, 3 yrs. old; Mr. T. Hussey's b. c. Volo, by Maple or Count Porro, dam by Whalebone, out of Læna (foaled in 1824), 3 yrs. old. My own fancy was for Dilbar, but she, to use a common saying, "stuck in the mud."

Lawyer Ford created another stare in the course of the day, Sequidilla beating Oakley, with the betting at 5 to 2 on him. Truly these are pickings within a month. How does it happen. Have his trainer's mustachios anything to do with it? If so, may we not expect shortly to see the whole Newmarket corps "in 'airy circles crowned?"

The St. James's Palace Stakes were won in a canter by Lord Westminster's Languish colt. The Ascot Derby, by Amorino, beating Elixir—their places being reversed in the betting. The Ascot Stakes, by Teatotaller, to the discomfiture of many "fan-



cies." The 200 sovs. Sweepstakes, by Murat, who came out in his form again, and beat the redoubtable Gaper in a canter,—and the Windsor Town Plate, by Wreford's 3 yr. old Wadastra colt. In Teatotalter's race, Sir Gilbert's Pannakeen fell down opposite to the winning-post, and died on the spot. I never saw races run through ground so deep.

Reserving, like a schoolboy, the best bit to the last, I now come to the Vase, which, by the way, was a silver shield of elegant design in alto relievo, the subject being taken from a German ballad, by Schiller, representing Apollo releasing Pegasus from the plough, to which he has been yoked by a peasant, ignorant of his terrible high breeding, who gazes with astonishment at the metamorphosis which is taking place. The ballad has been translated into English, by Mr. Oxenford, in Blackwood's Magazine, and the point illustrated is this—

"Scarce felt that steed the master's rein  
When all his fire returns again :  
He champs the bit, he rears on high,  
Light, like a soul, looks from his eye."

For my own part, I do not think the subject very happily chosen, and I should say that the man is somewhat too large for his horse, although he is a "Highflyer." But to the race, for which there came to the post—

Col. Charritie's <i>Gorhambury</i> , by Buzzard, out of Brocard, 3 yrs 7st 7lb..	J. Howlett...	1
Sir G. Heathcote's <i>Siricol</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Chapple .....	2
Mr. Johnstone's <i>Charles XII.</i> , aged, 9st 13lb .....	Marson .....	0
Mr. Pettit's <i>St. Francis</i> , aged, 9st 9lb.....	Chifney .....	0
Mr. Lichtwald's <i>Hyllus</i> , aged, 9st 9lb.....	F. Butler .....	0
Mr. Brookes's <i>Ima</i> , 5 yrs 6st 4lb.....	Crouch.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's <i>Gamecock</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb .....	Nat .....	0
Mr. Combe's <i>Fakeaway</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Bartholomew ..	0
Mr. Ford's <i>Spiteful</i> , 3 yrs 6st 8lb.....	Bell .....	0

Charles looked in particularly prime order—*St. Francis* appeared stale, and proved so—*Hyllus* showed as amiable a temper as usual, and was started with the crack of a hunting-whip.

The race may be told in five lines. *St. Francis* started last, ran last all the way, and pulled up first. Charles was beaten before he got into the straight running, and *Hyllus* directly afterwards, and a fine race home between *Gorhambury* and *Siricol*, was won on the post by a head, by the former—no others being placed.

Altogether the fielders made a fine day of it, in spite of the rain.

Seven races again on the Wednesday ; of which, however, one only—the Royal Hunt Cup—was of more than passing and "Calendar" interest, on account of the numerical strength of its field. Twenty-four came to the post, viz. :

Lord Chesterfield's <i>Knight of the Whistle</i> , 5 yrs 8st 8lb .....	Nat .....	1
Lord Miltown's <i>Bourra Tomacha</i> , 3 yrs 6st 10lb.....	J. Dunn .....	0
Col. Peel's <i>Garry Owen</i> , 6 yrs 9st 3lb.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Balchin's <i>Epaulette</i> , 4 yrs 6st 12lb.....	C. Balchin .....	0
Lord Orford's <i>Mallard</i> , 3 yrs 6st 12lb.....	Chapple .....	0
Mr. Etwall's <i>Palladium</i> , 4 yrs 8st 5lb .....	Darling.....	0
Lord Rosslyn's <i>Camelino</i> , aged, 8st 2lb.....	F. Butler .....	0
Mr. Gardnor's <i>Captain Flathooker</i> , 4 yrs 8st .....	Sly.....	0

Mr. Combe's Rosalind, 4 yrs 8st.....	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Hook's Una, 5 yrs 7st 13lb.....	Mann.....	0
Mr. Copeland's br. h. Mustapha Muley, 5 yrs 7st 12lb.....	Marlow.....	0
Capt. Oliver's Quilt Arnold, 5 yrs 7st 9lb.....	Lye.....	0
Mr. Garrard's Dromedary, 6 yrs 7st 8lb.....	E. Edwards.....	0
Mr. G. Ongley's Modesty, 4 yrs 7st 7lb.....	Wakefield.....	0
Mr. Collins' Rochester, 4 yrs 7st 4lb.....	Darling, junr.....	0
Lord March's b. f. Belana, 4 yrs 7st 2lb.....	W. Howlett.....	0
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, 5 yrs 7st 2lb.....	J. Howlett.....	0
Mr. Brooke's Ima, 5 yrs 7st.....	Crouch.....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Tripoli, 4 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Abdale.....	0
Mr. Worley's Conjugation, 4 yrs 6st 10lb.....	Bartholomew.....	0
Mr. Pettit's Ends and Odds, 4 yrs 6st 10lb.....	Pettit.....	0
Mr. Kimber's Chilson, aged, 6st 7lb.....	May.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Maria Diaz, 3 yrs 6st 3lb.....	Casidy.....	0
Lord Milltown's Birdeen, 3 yrs 5st 10lb.....	R. Cotton.....	0

The betting closed at 4 to 1 agst. Captain Flathooker, 5 to 1 agst. Knight of the Whistle, 7 to 1 agst. Camelino, about 12 to 1 each agst. Garry Owen, Quilt Arnold, Buffalo, and Belana, and high odds agst. any other. Epaulette jumped off with a clear lead, Captain Flathooker following her, Mustapha Muley, Modesty, Bourra Tomacha, and two or three others in a cluster at his side, right and left, and behind them a ruck, the three heavy weights lying off. In making the turn the Knight and Garry Owen ran through the horses, and entered the straight running in company with the first division, from which Captain Flathooker now found it convenient to retire; at the distance a final change took place; the Knight of the Whistle quitting his companions without an effort, and going in a winner by three lengths. No second was placed, Bourra Tomacha, Garry Owen, and Epaulette having run home so literally head and head that the judge could not separate them. Mallard was a bad fifth. Thus the first Royal Hunt Cup came very appropriately into the hands of A No. 1 on the list of Royal Hunt Masters.

Thursday, the Cup day, brought the bright smiles of a summer's day to cheer the heath, which was also much improved as a course by the drying wind and sun. The principal events of the day were, the appearance of Murat again as a winner—the unexpected defeat of Assay, by Rattan—the appearance of Lord Lowther's jacket first at the winning post—the defeat of Gaper by New Brighton, to the utter consternation of Lord George—and lastly, the Cup race, which deserves a more particular notice.

The design of the piece of Plate, substituted for the Cup, altogether lacks novelty—in execution, it is admirable. The subject is Herne's Oak, with four deer, in various positions at its foot.

Four horses only came to the post, viz.:—

Lord Albemarle's Ralph, by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs.....	Robinson.....	1
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, aged.....	Chifney.....	2
Lord Verulam's Robert de Gorham, 4 yrs.....	W. Cotton.....	3
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, 6 yrs.....	J. Day, junr.....	4

The betting closed at 5 to 4 on Ralph, 3 to 1 agst. St. Francis, 5 to 1 agst. Robert de Gorham, and 6 to 1 agst. Vulcan; and as the betting had placed them, so did the judge—Ralph making his own running, and winning in a canter. A more common-place affair never was seen. It was like four by honors, and five by cards, at shorts—a Whitechapel game.

Friday closed a brilliant meeting, brilliantly. And although there were no events to call for more particular attention than may be found in my usual summary, I may safely say that never, as regards racing, was a more sporting meeting seen than that of Ascot, 1843.

RIDDLESWORTH.

## SUMMARY OF THE ASCOT MEETING, 1843.

Stake.	Winner.	Rider.	Started.	Amount of S.
Trial	Poison	Bell	10	120
St. James's Palace	C. Touchstone—Languish	Templeman	4	400
Ascot Derby	Amorino	Chapple	5	350
Ascot Stakes	Teatotalier	Riley	13	505
Match	Sequidilla	Nat.	2	600
Sweepstakes	Murat	Chapple	4	1800
Gold Vase	Gorhambury	J. Howlett	9	280
Windsor Town Plate	F. Camel—Wadastra	J. Howlett	7	50
Sweepstakes	Nylghau	J. Day, Jun.	3	350
Coronation	La Stimata	Chapple	4	700
Swinley	Maria Diaz	Pettit	2	30
Produce Sweepstakes	F. Sultan, Jun — Monimia	J. Day, Jun.	6	700
Royal Hunt Cup	Knight-of-the-Whistle	Nat.	24	430
Fern Hill	Queen of the Gypsies	Sly	10	255
Sweepstakes	C. by Scamander	F. Butler	5	300
Sweepstakes	Murat	Nat.	3	600
Queen's Plate	Silvertail Colt.	Bartholomew	4	100
Mickleham Hall	New Brighton	Nat.	2	1800
Gold Cup	Ralph	Robinson	4	300
New Stakes	Rattan	Rogers	8	450
Grand Stand Plate	Albion	Pettit	11	100
Buckingham Palace	Napier	F. Butler	2	700
Windsor Forest	Wee Pet	Darling	2	150
Dinner	C. by Bay Middleton	Walked over	1	300
Wokingham 2nd Class	Dilbar	Nat.	9	75
Member's Plate	Gaiety	J. Day	6	85
Wokingham 1st Class	Dromedary	Balchin	9	75
Sweepstakes	F. Gladiator—Elegance	Rogers	5	100
Selling	Windsor	F. Butler	7	95

Number of Stakes.... 29

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£11,050

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1843.

## WAGNER'S PERFORMANCES.

IN our Memoir of Wagner, published in our last number, two of his races were necessarily omitted, they never having been communicated either for this magazine (which was then published at Baltimore), or for the "Spirit of the Times." The races came off at Mobile, Ala., in March, 1838, and Mr. West, the then Secretary of the Jockey Club there, was requested three several times to furnish a report, which he neglected to do, and in consequence injustice has been done to Wagner and several other fine horses, winners at that meeting. We have ascertained at this late period, that Wagner, on the 13th of March, won a stake of four subs. at \$300 each, h. ft., two mile heats, beating Melzare and another, and that on the 16th he won the Jockey Club Purse of \$1000, four mile heats, beating Tayloe & Johnson's Zerlina, and Mr. Stephen's Paul Jones, in 7:55 each heat. Of the other winners, we learn that Hortense won the purse at three mile heats,

and also a mile heats best 3 in 5; Charles Magic won at mile heats, and Pollard at two mile heats. Wagner's performances, therefore, stand thus:—

## RECAPITULATION:

1.	1837.	April 8.	Lawrenceville, Va.	Sweepstakes.	Mile heats.	won	\$ 450
2.	—	April 28.	Petersburg, Va.	Sweepstakes.	Mile heats.	lost	
3.	—	Nov. 21.	Mobile, Ala.	Post Stake.	Two mile heats.	won	1750
4.	1838.	Mar. 13.	Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes.	Two mile heats.	won	1050
5.	—	Mar. 16.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	1000
6.	—	April 3.	New Orleans, La.	Sweepstakes.	Two mile heats.	won	2750
7.	—	April 8.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	2500
8.	—	Dec. 8.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	2000
9.	—	Dec. 31.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	lost	
10.	1839.	Mar. 16.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	2000
11.	—	Mar. 23.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	2000
12.	—	April 2.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	2000
13.	—	April 26.	Natchez, Miss.	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	1200
14.	—	Sept. 20.	Louisville, Ky.	Stake and Purse	Four mile heats.	won	15000
15.	—	Oct. 5.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	1500
16.	—	Oct. 18.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Purse.	Four mile heats.	won	1000
17.	1840.	Oct. 2.	Nashville, Tenn.	Purse.	Four mile heats.	lost	
18.	1841.	Jan. 12.	Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes.	Four mile heats.	lost	
19.	—	Jan. 15.	" "	Purse.	Four mile heats.	lost	
20.	—	Sept. 16.	Louisville, Ky.	Purse.	Four mile heats.	lost	

Starting twenty times, and winning fourteen races—ELEVEN of them at FOUR MILE HEATS—winning the enormous sum of \$36,200

## Notes of the Month.

### AUGUST.

Another effort is making to get up the match between Fashion and Cassandra, at two mile heats, the friends of the two being "snatching and eager" for it. We fervently hope they may succeed in inducing Mr. GIBBONS to give his consent. Fashion has been sent from his establishment at Madison, to Mr. Laird's, to be again put in training.

*Miss Foote* and *Hannah Harris*, who have been for some time in Kentucky, were obliged to be thrown out of training, unfortunately, just before the Lexington races. What with the latter's positive lameness and her comparative inability to master her weight, it is a matter of doubt whether she will ever be able to resume her proper place, near the head of the Western and Southern Turf.

*Match between Æsop and Prince Albert.*—We learn that a match for \$1000 a side, four mile heats, has been concluded between

ch. h. *Æsop*, by Imp. Priam, out of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.

ch. c. *Prince Albert*, by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.

To come off over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Va., on the first day of the ensuing Fall Meeting.

*Fashion*, accompanied by *Yamacraw*, her half brother, and *Caliph*, (another 3 yr. old.) by Imp. Emancipation, out of Jemima Wilkinson, by Sir Archy, was sent to Mr. LAIRD'S, from their owner's stable, on the 17th ult., to go into active training. *Caliph* is a bright bay, without white, 16 hands high, and very like his sire. *Yamacraw*, the own brother to *Mariner*, is a chesnut, with a star, and white hind feet. *Fashion* is in robust health, and never looked better.

*Havana Races.*—We learn that Mr. GARRISON has returned to his residence at Norfolk, Va. having given up the Valdes Course. It will hereafter be under



the control of Count SANTAVENIA and Mr. RICHARD TEN BROECK, of this city, who will not only pay the purses offered at the late meeting, but hang up still larger ones in gold at the stand at the next meeting, which will probably take place between the Fall and Spring races at New Orleans.

*Errata*—In the report of the Greenville, S C. Races in September last, the Secretary did not furnish the time of each, nor amount of the different purses. We have just been apprised, too, that Messrs. EDDINS & WILLIAMS' fine horse *Crichton* beat *Omega* at THREE mile heats, instead of mile heats, as was stated. *Crichton* is a son of *Bertrand*, (senior) his dam by *Phenomenon*; he won in two heats, the race referred to.

*Waxy Pope*.—Some enquiry having been made for the pedigree of this celebrated Steeple Chase horse, who was imported into this city from Ireland last season, and is now standing at Johnstown, in this State, we give it: at some length:—

The Marquis of SLIGO's *Waxy*, the sire of the Steeple Chase horse *Waxy Pope*, was got by Sir F. POOLE's *Waxy*, out of *Prunella*, (the dam also of *Penelope*, *Parasol*, *Eclipse*, *Podargus*, *Pioneer*, *Pledge*, *Pawn*, *Pope Joan*, *Picquet*, and *Prudence*, the best of their day at Newmarket,) by High Flyer—grandam *Promise*, by *Snap*—*Julia*, by *Blank*—*Spectator's* dam by *Partner*—Sir F. POOLE's *Waxy* was got by *Pot-8 os*, the best bred son of *Eclipse*, his dam *Maria*, by *King Herod*—grandam *Lisette*, by *Snap*,—*Swordsman*, the sire of the dam of *Waxy Pope*, was by the Duke of Grafton's *Prize Fighter*, his dam *Czara*, by *Eclipse*. There can be no better blood than this.

Mr. GIBBONS claims the name of *Ornament* for a chesnut filly without white, foaled on the 20th of April last, by *Shadow*, out of *Jemima Wilkinson*.

Maj WM EDDINS, of Lodi, Abbeville, S C. claims the name of *Triumph* for his colt foaled on the 31st of May last, by *Imp. Monarch*, out of *Imp. Accident*, by *Tramp*, her dam by *Whisker*, etc. Also the name of *Argyle Junior*, for his 2 yr. old colt by *Argyle* out of *Claudia* by *Phenomenon*.

ROBERT HUNTER, Esq., claims the name of "*Zanoni*" for his b. colt, foaled on the 1st June, 1842, got by *Sir Robert*, out of *Lady Jane*—also that of "*Viola*" for his b. filly, foaled on the 1st June, 1843, got by *Sir Robert* out of *Lady Jane*.

THOMAS VAN SWEARINGEN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., has sold his yearling ch. f., by *Wagner*, out of *Darnley's* and *Sally Shannon's* dam, to CHARLES BURGESS, Esq., Scott County, for \$300. She is engaged in a Sweepstakes at Louisville, \$300 each, Two mile heats, in the Fall of 1845.

Mr. Van Swearingen lost his fine mare, *Grey Maria*, the dam of *Darnley* and *Sally Shannon*, by the falling of a tree during the severe storm, on the evening of 29th May last. She left a fine brown filly foal, by *Imp. Riddlesworth*, which is doing well.

The Lexington (Ky.) Association Course will in future be under the management of the Club, as formerly, Col. OLIVER having relinquished the lease which he held for four years.

#### A NEW BREED OF SPORTING DOGS.

IMPORTED FOR THE HON. J. S. SKINNER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

If there be any such bump as one indicating a fondness for *Horses* and *Dogs*, a craniological survey of the knowledge-box of our friend SKINNER, founder of the "*American Farmer*" and our "*Turf Register*," would assuredly disclose one of extraordinary dimensions. Our sporting annals relate how he has from time to time imported, or had sent to him, by the illustrious LAFAYETTE, the huge Dog of the Pyreneean mountains, noble and docile, in size and temper; and by him also the sharp-headed, vigilant, sagacious dog, of the true "*Shepherd-dog*" breed. By the gallant and now lamented PORTER, the *Angora Greyhound*, with the feather tail of the Setter, and the exquisite symmetry of the highest bred greyhound—from Consul TRIST, from Havana, the true hound of blood—by the accomplished and liberal Capt. STOCKTON, the English Fox-

hound, from the celebrated kennel of Sir HARRY GOODRICKE. The blood of these flow now in the famous pack of the Messrs. CALDWELL, at the White Sulphur, where, in season, so many fat bucks fell, at the unerring crack of the rifle, in the hands of that thorough sportsman, Col. H., of S. C. To Mr. S., too, were sent for propagation the *edible* dogs of the Sandwich Islands; but these have not yet, that we have understood, been brought upon the table. By the same hands have been distributed, in its highest finish, the race of "*King Charles' Cocking Spaniels*," for hunting woodcock, derived immediately to our country from the Marchioness WELLESLEY, one of the *three American sisters* now titled Ladies of England!—the brightest and most graceful ornaments of the circles of nobility in which they move. There is, in fact, scarcely an animal that can be named, belonging to the classes of the laboring, the edible, the wool-bearing, the lactiferous, or those kept for pleasure or fancy—scarcely any kind of poultry, plant, or grain, or grass, that do not appear to have been directly imported by, or by the officers of the Navy to have been sent to this veteran Father of the Agricultural and Sporting Press of America.

One breed of dogs remained yet to be had, and that, we understand, has lately been sent to him—three couple by Lord CALEDON, who lately passed through from Canada to England. These were procured with difficulty from the Queen's kennel. Another couple have arrived to him in the "*Hottinguer*," in this city, brought out by Mr. W. MURDOCH, who has just arrived in that ship with his family. Mr. Murdoch is a gentleman of fortune, well known to the agricultural community for possessing the choicest strains of the most improved breeds of domestic animals. He is about to "*settle*," we understand, in Missouri, and the agriculturists of the West may congratulate themselves on having added to their community a member, who brings with him ample materials and ample experience, to accelerate their improvement in the most substantial branches of their pursuits. But we had forgotten to name the kind and the purpose of the dogs now procured by Mr. Skinner; not so much, we understand, for his own use or amusement as for the sake of securing, as in other cases, *the breed for the country*. It may, in short, be said to be a *passion—a way he's got!*

These dogs are known in England as the "*Basket*," or "*Rabbit Beagle*," a perfect fox-hound in miniature, much smaller than the common Beagle. They pursue their game with the coldest nose, and with indomitable perseverance, giving incessant tongue, never losing, but slow to catch the common rabbit and promising to make with that swift-footed and timid creature rare sport;—to present a fox hunt, in fact, on a small scale, which might be enjoyed on foot by an octogenarian; not meaning that our respected predecessor, who would contend against OSBALDESTON himself in a steeple chase, needs any such indulgence.

We shall be impatient for reports of the qualities and performance of the "*Basket Beagle*," and for one, rejoice, for the sake of poor sorrowing humanity, whenever one more can be added to the list of field sports, or any sort of amusement that can make men "*forget their sorrows, and remember their miseries no more!*" This breed of Beagles, called "*Basket Beagles*," because they may be taken in baskets to the cover, were, at his own suggestion, to have been sent out by the late TYRONE POWER to his friend, Mr. S., on his arrival in England. But, alas!

We received by the "*Columbia*" a letter from the Earl of CALEDON, dated Portman Street Barracks, London, 3d June, in which, speaking of our friend SKINNER's Beagles, he remarks to the following effect:—

"I believe them to be of the finest description. I got them from the Queen's Kennel. Had I chosen them for myself, I should have sent out a much larger description. I have, however, followed Mr. Skinner's directions, and hope they will please him," etc. etc.